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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

CHANDLER ROBBINS, EDITOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1838. NO. 908--VOL. XVII.—NO. 47.


### RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE DR. MASON.

In copying this letter, it has brought to our recollection an anecdote told many years ago, by our venerable instructer. It was while we and others were in a course of preparation for college. Our teacher labored much to teach us the value of acquisitions obtained by independent effort, and the ultimate disadvantage of seeking help out of every difficulty—it was better to rely on our own recources—to take hold resolutely, and work our way through. He enforced his counsels by stating, that when John M. Mason was a small lad, just beginning to 'construe Latin,' his father, who then superintended his education, gave him his task, and sent him to his room. Within an hour, the son came to his father in embarrassment, and requested his assistance. The father, instead of relieving his specific difficulty, only gave him such general principles for conducting the investigation, as would suit that and many other cases, and sent him again to his study. The lad went back, pursued his perplexing labor, till he despaired of ever getting out of the labyrinth; when he resorted again to his father, and in the most beseeching manner, said, 'Do, father, tell me the root of ——, (naming the word,) for I have searched for it, with all diligence, for three whole hours, and cannot find it.' The father replied—'*Only three hours*, my son! Don't give it up, or be discouraged, till you have searched *three weeks* for it!'

Doubtless this would be regarded by many moderns as rather harsh discipline; but that father knew what he was about, and the son, driven to his own resources, concentrated the energes of his young mind upon the labor before him, and found it competent to effect achievments which he had despaired of accomplishing. Who can tell how far the high intellectual pre-eminence of Dr. John M. Mason is to be attributed to the discipline to which his father and teacher so early subjected him.

HABITS AND EDUCATION OF EASTERN CHILDREN.

'The demeanor of the youngest child towards his parents, as towards strangers, its habitual sedateness and docility, would lead a European to believe that children in the East are ruled with a rod of iron; that their spirit is broken, and the buoyancy of childhood crushed by the continual exercise of despotic paternal authority. It is just the reverse. If a man were to beat his child, there would be a general uproar in the street, and all the neighbors would run to his assistance. A little romping boy, of five years old, began to pull his father's beard and whiskers, till the old man roured with pain. He looked in a fearful rage, threatened unutterable things, but never thought of using his hands. I asked him why he had not beaten the child—'Ah!' he said, 'what clever people you Franks are!'"

'By the institutes of Menu and the code of Mahomet, the parent was obliged to place his child at school in his fourth year. Reading, writing, and a certain knowledge of religion and of laws, were considered an amount of instruction which the state was bound to see conferred on its members; and Mahomet farther imposed on the chief of every community the obligation of seeing orphans instructed in some handicraft, so as to enable them to gain their daily bread.'

'The day upon which the child is delivered over to the school master, is a family festival—the relatives, friends and neighbors are invited; the ladies in the harem, the male folks in the shlaamlik. The little hero of the day, though generally there are several, is paraded backwards and forwards from one assembly to the other, bedizened with finery: and kissings, blessings and presents are showered upon him. The Kourban lamb has been selected before, with the greatest regard to color, form, beauty and sprightliness; it has been fed on the choicest dainties, tended and watched with the greatest care; it is now brought forth with pomp; the splendor of its whiteness, exalted by festoons of gaudy ribands and brilliant flowers. The sacrifice performed by the father, and the child blessed by the Imaum, is delivered over to the schoolmaster.'

'A man of respectable or elevated station may often be seen walking about, fondling a child in his arms, obedient to its caprices, and rendering it the services that a nurse or a menial servant would be called upon amongst us to perform. As the tradespeople or artizans return in the evening from their daily avocations, scarcely one will you see without some little token of family affection in his hand—a flower—an apple—a bunch of grapes—a quince.'

'In every Eastern family, the great object of respect and devotion is the mother. The children, whatever their affection for their father, never admit of a comparison between the duty they owe to the two parents; witness the familiar expression—'pull my father's beard, but do not speak ill of my mother.'"

'This family affection, coupled as it is with dignity, forms the character of the people, and *is* the education of the youth. Education can never be any thing, save the impressing on the young generation the stamp of the old.'

GOOD NATURE—WITH ANECDOTES.

It has been observed by a modern writer that there is no word in any language but our own exactly expressive of this desirable temper of mind. This question I will not decide, yet if good nature is not known *by name*, there is abundant proof of it actually and frequently existing in other countries. The following instance of it occurred in the private life of Louis the XIV., whose public character I have often loaded with execrations. In a gay party at Versailles, an opportunity offered for the King's producing what he thought, a facetious story, but which in telling was rather insipid. One of the company soon after leaving the room, his majesty said, 'I am sure you must all have observed how very uninteresting my anecdote was;' the persons present agreed 'that it was not exactly what they had been taught to expect.' 'I did not recollect,' said the king, 'till I commenced my narrative, that the turn of it reflected very severely on the immediate ancestor of the Prince of Armagnac, who has just quitted us, and on this, as on every other occasion, I think it far better to spoil a good story than distress a worthy man.' This is a practical exemplification of real unadulterated good nature, and perhaps was the source of Pope's admirable couplet:

Curs'd be the verse, how smooth soe'er it flow,
Which tends to make one honest man thy foe;'

a sentiment by the way more attended to by the monarch than the poet.

This amiable forbearance exerted by the French king pleases me more than any incident I ever saw recorded, and almost tempts me to exclaim, for this one deed be all his faults forgiven. It is not often that a wit, particularly a royal wit, for in the buoyancy of juvenile vanity Louis at a certain time affected that character, it is not often that such persons will sacrifice the saying a good thing to the feelings of another man. To run all risks and *dash* at every thing, is, generally speaking, the motto for a sayer of good things, as well as a man of intrigue. Fortune, Venus, and Minerva, alike favor the bold, and he who resolves to say whatever comes uppermost, must be *very* unfortunate if he does not sometimes hit on something worth repeating. It is not improbable that my readers may be acquainted with persons of this cast, who, though illiterate and stupid, are able to perplex men of real worth and ability, and stalk through life as *clever fellows* on the stilts of impudence and imposture.

I return to Louis, the same sovereign, whose ambition and bigotry desolated Europe and drove thousands of his best subjects into exile; the same man was pleasant, amiable, and endearing; in scholarship he was not profound, but he possessed and cultivated a correct taste. Having expended millions on Versailles, to a friend who ventured to doubt if after all it was a complete palace, he replied as follows: 'Perhaps not, and in that case I may have been doing that, which many wiser princes than myself have been doing half their lives, laying out a great deal of money on an unworthy favorite.' One admirable singularity in this Gallic king deserves the attention of every crowned head; Louis the XIVth would not indulge himself, nor permit the junior members of his family to indulge themselves, in personal raillery against private individuals. 'Such sallies,' he would say, 'from the mouth of a king are thunderbolts and poisoned arrows.' The dauphiness on a certain occasion, in one of those whispers which are meant to be heard, remarked, that an old officer present was the ugliest creature she had ever beheld. 'I esteem him as the handsomest man in my dominions,' said the king, with a severe look, and in an elevated tone of voice, 'he is one of my best officers and bravest defenders, and I insist on your immediately making an apology for the gross indecorum you have been guilty of.' When he was informed of the death of his valet Bontemps, tears started from his eyes, 'I have lost,' said the king, 'a man to whose conversation I have listened for fifty years with pleasure and improvement; he never in a single instance betrayed the confidence I placed in him, and in all that time I never heard him speak ill of any one person.'

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Every man ought to have his house painted—the door, yard, fence kept in good repair—a number of beautiful trees set around it—a few pleasant walks laid out around his dwelling—the lanes leading from his house to distant fields shaded with ornamental and useful trees, and the general neatness and comfort universally preserved. However small be his farm, he can have all these.—However poor, he can still have something like this. A little diligence, contrivance and improvement of leisure hours, will give him all these.

The moral effect of these things on his wife and children will be delightful. They will contribute to make a contented and happy home. The child may be taught to love the young tree whose roots he has watered, and which is growing up by his side. The family will be pleased with their home; and the love of home, and its pleasant localities, will have a healthy influence on the soul.

The library within, and the neatness and taste which surrounds, will be successful rivals to the tavern, and to wild and ruinous companionships. Who knows but what these few suggestions may make some farm houses, which we have seen, look a little more comfortable and attractive. If they should—if they make one little tree grow, we shall be paid well for writing them.

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WOMAN'S KINDNESS

Mr. F. Grummet, M. P relates the following incident, which occurred while he was passing through a small village near Rochfort, as a prisoner, under a military escort. It will show, to those acquainted only with modern customs, the value of the kindness formerly practised, in washing the feet of strangers. St. Paul, in enumerating the deeds of kindness which especially recommended aged widows to the kindness of the church, says, 'If she have lodged strangers, *if she have washed the saints' feet*, if she have relieved the afflicted,' &c.

I had obtained a fresh supply of canvas for my feet, which were much blistered, and extremely sore; but this was soon worn out, and I suffered dreadfully. About noon, we halted in the market-place of a small town, bearing every mark of antiquity—I think it was Melle—to rest and refresh. To escape the sun, I took my seat on an old tea chest, standing in front of a huckster's shop, and removed my tattered moccasins. Whilst doing this, an elderly lady came out of the shop, accompanied by a young girl prettily dressed, and 'Pauvre garcon!'—Pauvre prisoner!' were uttered by both. The girl, with tears in her eyes, looked at my lacerated feet, and then, without saying a word, returned to the house. In a few minutes afterwards, she re-appeared; but her finery had been taken off, and she carried a large bowl warm water in her hands. In a moment, the bowl was placed before me, she mentioned me to put in my feet, which I did, and down she went upon her knees, and washed them in the most tender manner. Oh! what luxury was that half hour! The elder female brought me food, whilst the younger, having performed her office, wrapped up my feet in a soft linen, and then fitted on a pair of her mother's shoes.

'Hail, woman, hail! last formed in Eden's bowers,
'M dst humming streams, and fragrance-breathing flowers;
Thou art, 'mid light and gloom, through good and ill,
Creator's glory—man's chief blessing still.
Thou calm'st our thoughts, as halcyons calm the sea,
Sooth'st in distress, when servile minions flee;
And Oh! without thy sun-bright smiles below,
Life were a night, and earth a waste of wo!'

During process above mentioned, numbers had collected round, and stood silently witnessing so angelic an act of charity. Eulalie heeded them not; but when her task was finished, she raised her head, and a sweet smile of gratified pleasure beamed on her face.

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UNCEASING PRAYER.—There is a prayer of the faithful, which, like the pulse in the arteries, never ceases, day or night, though no human ear perceives it; and in this inmost silent prayer, they ever cry, 'Abba, Father!'—*Tholuck.*

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(From the London Sunday-School Teacher's Magazine.)

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS' RETROSPECT.

I am not aware whether Sunday School teachers are in the habit of preserving their class-books, or whether, after a year or two, they are considered as useless, and destroyed; if the latter be the case, I would suggest the propriety of keeping them for *many* years to come, as they will often afford a pleasing retrospect of labors the most interesting in which persons can be engaged on earth; because they tend to secure the present and everlasting interests of the sons of men, as they will often remind them of those who in early life were committed to their care, who have passed from the years of childhood, and have entered on the cares and responsibilities connected with adult age.

A Sunday School teacher, a short time ago, mentioned to me the pleasure he had felt in meeting accidentally with his class-book, which had been deposited in safety in a drawer. He was led to read over their pages, and could not but associate with the different names, the youths almost forgotten at the time, who had once formed his Sunday School class. The first entry was in 1819, although before that period he had for many years been a Sunday School teacher. His first object of inquiry was, how many from year to year he had under his care—where they were at the present time—how many of them were now living—and what was the moral character they now sustained? There was some difficulty in ascertaining all that he wished to know, but recollection furnished its accustomed aid; and probably the result of his inquiries may not be uninteresting to some of your readers engaged in the same delightful, yet arduous work.

It appears from the class-books, that from 1819 to the present time, he has given instruction to one hundred and fifty-four. Twelve of them are gone to the grave; five of them gave evidence, ere they changed worlds, of having been regenerated by the Spirit of the living God; sixty of the number have entered on the cares and responsibilities of life, and are married, surrounded by children, who are the better, it is to be hoped, for the instruction which their parents once received in a Sunday School. Several are engaged as local preachers among the Wesleyan Methodists; twenty-eight are either members of Christian churches or are in hopeful circumstances, upwards of twenty have at different times become teachers in Sunday Schools, in the town in which they received their instruction, or in the village schools in their immediate vicinity. Some are still in their native country; others are settled in Ireland, America, and Swan River. I was much interested in the foregoing facts; and it occurred to me that they might not be uninteresting, were they inserted in the published annals of Sunday School exertions.

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M'KENZIE'S ATTACK UPON THE AMERICAN CLERGY.

In an address to the Tories and Orangemen of Canada, he says—

'What are you afraid of in American connexion? Not of the Clergy, surely. You will find them in general, your firm friends, the police of despotism; they will join you at once in recommending the poor to obey the rich—the indigent to humble themselves before the wealthy. They talk of Christianity, but of their illustrious Master's precepts they retain only the name. Democratic Christianity, equal rights and laws, they dislike as you do.'

If M'Kenzie was as well acquainted with American history as he is with elements of agitation, he would not need to be informed that from the incipient stages of the Revolution to this day, the American clergy ever have been among the boldest and most unflinching advocates of liberty and the rights of man. Almost all the aged among them were personal actors in the achievements, sufferings, and dangers, which result in our independence. Most of them came from the plough, and some of them are not yet estranged from that useful implement. They are in fact, almost all, eminently *men of the people*. Very few of them are imported; they have no interest or associations elsewhere; if the country sinks, they sink with it; they cannot run away; if the country posper, they prosper with it. But apart from all this, and much more if it were worth while to waste words upon a matter so plain, we should like to ask Mr. M'Kenzie if it is becoming in a stranger whose neck is preserved from the gallows only by the asylum which he finds here, to open his batteries so soon upon some of our most cherished institutions and valued men. To be sure this is a free country—a very free country; but there is such a thing as propriety notwithstanding.—*Journal of Commerce.*

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THE BIBLE.—Tyndale, the author of the first printed English version of the New Testament, whilst preparing that work, said to one of his priestly opponents:—'if God spare my life, ere many years, I will cause a boy that driveth the plough to know more of the Scriptures than you do.'

Whilst taking refuge in Antwerp, his practice is thus described. 'When the Sunday came then went he to some one merchant's chamber, or other, whither came many other merchants; and unto them would he read some one parcel of Scripture, either out of the Old Testament or out of the New, the which proceeded so fruitfully, sweetly, and gently from him, (much like to the writing of St. John the Evangelist) that it was a heavenly comfort and joy to the audience to hear him read the Scriptures: and in likewise after dinner he spent an hour in the aforesaid manner.' Tyndale died by martyrdom in 1536.—*Sunday School Journal.*

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[From the Watchman of the South.]

CONFESSIONS OF AN INFIDEL.

FROM THE DIARY OF A CLERGYMAN.

I was this morning sent for in great haste, by a sick man whom I had known for some years, in consequence of his bold and fearless avowal of the principles of infidelity. He was originally from England, but had been residing for a considerable space of time—how long I do not know—in the vicinity of my charge; and was a man of intelligence, as well as of much and varied information. In addition to a mind naturally strong and vigorous, he had thought much and read much; and on one subject *at least*—that of religion—had spoken much. In short he was of the school of Hume, and Payne, and Shaftsbury, and Voltaire; and was neither slow nor secret, in his endeavors to disseminate the dogmas of this pernicious school, wherever, and whenever, an opportunity was presented him, adapted to that purpose. In age, he was verging closely on the period, ordinarily allotted for the duration of human life. He was also, the father of a family; and from the circumstance, that none of its members were seen—or very rarely—in a place of religious worship, the inference was natural, and in the present case true, that the poison of the *head* had become diffusive through all its members.

Why a clergyman, and one too of the *stricter sort*, should be sent for in such haste, and by *such a man*, was a question which could neither be resolved by me, nor the messenger who came after me. And I had arrived at his [illegible] complying with his request—in perfect ignorance of his object. He was *ill*, but from appearances, not dangerously so; and when I entered the room where he lay, was apparently in close and serious conversation with some of the members of the family. After mutual salutations, and other circumstances of adjustment ordinary on such occasions, he proceeded to inform me, with what *seemed*, something like a misgiving mind, that he had desired my presence, for a purpose which might possibly affect me with an emotion of supprise. 'It is,' said he, 'that I *may secure a pew in your church for my children!*' This was a surprise indeed, and by an impulse almost involuntary, I immediately exclaimed, 'and why not Mr. M. include yourself also? If such an arrangement be regarded as important in the one case, can it be the less so in the other? But perhaps—continuing my discourse—I am mistaken, and am to consider the motion, as proceeding not so much from yourself as from them; and if so, though some of the pleasure which such an application is calculated to afford, will certainly be removed, yet it will furnish me no small amount of satisfaction, in being able to meet your wishes even thus far.'

'You *are mistaken*,' he replied, 'but not in the way which your supposition would seem to indicate. The *motion* is not from my children. It is one of which, they were as utterly ignorant until this hour, as you were yourself; and no doubt the feeling of surprise which it has created in you, is even transcended by that, which at this moment, it is producing in them. No, it is purely my own; and has resulted from a very unusual condition of mind into which I have been brought, by a peculiar train of reflection since confined to this bed of sickness. I have lived, for years, an avowed, and *publicly recognised*, unbeliever, in what you call the Bible. I am so still, so far as in my present weakness and strange confusion of mind, I am able to form a judgment; and I can see no special reason why I should not remain so unto the end. But with my family—my children'—and here his voice became tremulous, and the big tear began to glisten in his eye—'my children, upon whose hearts I have labored, and perhaps too successfully, to impress the image of my own, I could wish it were otherwise. For, unaccountable as it may seem, though reposing entire confidence in the principles of infidelity for *myself*, yet as to their fitness for *them*, I have of late, been troubled with many strange, and most unwelcome misgivings. And, in short, not to detain you with a long detail of my musings on the subject, amid the tossings and restlessness of a sick-bed, I have come to the conclusion at length, that it will be best for *them*, to become Christians. It was with this view, that I had been sounding them *at a distance*, at the period of your arrival—to prepare them for the interview, and to take off something from the surprise, which the disclosure of my wishes concerning them, was calculated to produce. I wish them to go to *church*.—to be steady and respectful in their attendance—to listen with candor to the doctrines which are there preached—to weigh them with seriousness and honesty—and if practicable, to believe them—to live under their practical influence, and to die under a full persuasion of their truth. My reasons you shall have.

'During a long, and by no means unobserving life, I think I have perceived—it could hardly have been imagined—that those who seemed sincere and hearty in their profession of Christianity, were always more serene in their minds, than I have been at least—more uniformly unruffled in their dispositions—less liable to be disturbed and put out by the accidents and casualties of life—less disposed to murmur, and pine, and fret, and find fault, under heavy strokes of bereavement—and far less agitated by misgivings, and unwelcome flittings of doubt, in the near prospect of a dying-bed. My mother, who was certainly an honest believer in the Bible, if there ever was one, maintained this calm, and even, and unruffled tranquillity of mind to the very last: and in most instances which I have witnessed, of Christians leaving the world since, there has been a uniform confidence in the correctness of their principles, and generally a steady hope of future happiness to the final hour of their departure. And though all this seemed to me, at the time, and perhaps, seems so still, as the result of ignorance, and blind, confiding credulity, I could not help remarking it nevertheless, and setting it down as something favorable towards that, which as a Divine Revelation, I could never persuade myself to believe. . . . But the main reason,' said he, 'which has influenced me to the step which I am taking, is *the fact*, which it would be vain in me to attempt concealing, that the principles of deism, or infidelity, as you call it, are not *adapted to children*—not suitable for the government of a family—and not calculated to make them, in the great social mass in which they are to mingle, precisely what they should be. They may do for parents, but from what I have seen and thought, and read and heard, I *am fully persuaded that they will never do for children*. And hence the measure, to which, without their knowledge, and no doubt, contrary to your expectations, I have this day resorted.' . . . 'But do you not perceive Mr M.,' said I, 'that all these reasons—so influential with you, in regard to the course you are adopting for your children—go to prove to a demonstration, that you are utterly wrong yourself?' 'It may be so,' he replied, 'and the suggestion is by no means new to me; it having obtruded itself in one shape or other upon my mind almost every day since the commencement of my present sickness. But there is no help for it; I am too old to change now, and before I could again go over the whole ground of controversy with that close attention, which the subject requires, I should probably cease to live?' . . . 'But are you willing to die in this state of misgiving, and jeopard even the possibility of *that*, which the scriptures speak of, as involved in the loss of the soul? A loss too fearful to think of without horror? And would you not be willing to listen to some reasons, why you ought to change your sentiments, even at a period of life, so late as that in which you have arrived?' 'Whether I *am willing to die*,' was his answer, 'is a question which concerns myself alone. I have been an honest, industrious, upright man, ever since I have lived—as much so, as the generality of Christians—and perhaps as uniformly kind and obliging in my intercourse with my neighbors; and on your own principles, if they are not lost, I may hope to escape that calamity also! At any rate, I have made up my mind to die an unbeliever in the Bible; and as you have now listened to my story, and granted my request, it is, I think, best that we should part, without entering on a discussion, that could do no good, and might be a source of uneasiness to both.' There was a *something* in the *manner* in which this was said—a sternness and fixedness of purpose, which closed the door to all further conversation at once; and I accordingly took my leave—gratified indeed, in some respects, and yet in others deeply affected, and greatly grieved. Gratified with the free and voluntary concession of a stubborn infidel, in favor of the excellency of the Christian religion on one department of the social system, and yet grieved at the prospect, that this same stubborn and hoary-headed infidel, would probably soon go down to the grave with the fearful condemnation of having *seen the light*, and yet, with stern and deliberate purpose, closed his eyes against it.

This was the last time that I ever saw him, until, cold in the arms of death, I was called upon by his bereaved and afflicted family, to stand beside his encoffined body, and to perform the last sad offices, preparative to its mournful deposit in 'the house appointed for all living.' He had recovered from his sickness, and for some few weeks, was in the enjoyment of a state of health which seemed to promise years of continued being and of comfort. But while his family, listening to his advice, were prompt and apparently serious in their attendance on the public instituted means of grace, with him, there was no change, either in sentiment or in practice; and, when returning on a certain day from the field in which he had been laboring, the horse attached to the cart in which he was, took fright and precipitated him, a lifeless corpse upon the ground. He thus died, as he had lived, and in accordance with his avowed intention—an infidel to the last. But what a death! And with what sudden and fearful disclosures must his unfettered spirit have unexpectedly been greeted, as it hastily flitted beyond that 'bourne whence no traveller ever returns!'

It is even so: *the principles of deism are not suited to children—not adapted to the government of a family—not calculated to make them what they should be, even in the relations of the present life.* Reader look at these confessions, and if you are at the head of a family of children, ponder them deeply, and carefully compare them with the results of infidel principle, in those families with which you are acquainted! Traverse the entire circumference of the circle in which you move! Sweep through the whole field, with the closest scrutiny of truth! And where is the selected instance that does not abundantly confirm the correctness of this infidel confession! It is a confession, which may not only be relied on, as *strictly true*, in its general outlines, but one which the writer of this, has ample reason to state, is by no means uncommon—for *substantially* it has been made to him, on many occasions since; and the observation of every passing year is furnishing the most striking, and at the same time the most sad and melancholy illustrations of its truth. If, then, you love your children—if you wish to see them growing up under the restraints of proper discipline, respectable and happy—if you desire them to be a comfort to your old age, and to save your grey hairs from being brought down, by their wickedness and folly, with sorrow to the grave—if you desire all this—and the ruthless savage could desire nothing less—then, think well before you become an infidel!

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EFFECTIVE PREACHING.—In 1104, when Henry I. was in Normandy, a prelate named Serlo preached so eloquently against the fashion of wearing long hair, that the monarch was moved to tears; and taking advantage of the impression he had produced, the enthusiastic prelate whipped a pair of scissors out of his sleeves and cropped the whole congregation.

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Extract from 'The Authenticity of the New Testament. Translated from the French of J. E. Cellerier, Jr., Professor of Criticism and Sacred Antiquities, in the Academy of Geneva. With Notes and References, by a Sunday School Teacher.'

THE BEST KEY TO THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

The Bible demands obedience and not learning, love and not inquisitiveness. Jesus did not due to create dissertations, but to save souls. Let his disciples seek in his word opinions rather than theories. Let the Christian in opening the Book of books, commence by saying; God himself deigns to instruct and guide me, his precepts ought then to enter my heart, regulate my conduct and make me a new man. This is the view, in which and by which, we ought to understand the Bible. It is this which teaches us to observe and discover with gratitude and conviction, the admirable conformity of the scripture with our secret and intimate works. Studied in this manner, it exercises its true influence, and is proved even by its efficacy. It is when the word of God sanctifies the soul, that it is, above all things, the truth. Placed without this point of view, we make it otherwise than it is; the wonderful harmony which exists between it and ourselves is destroyed, and from thence come shadows, mistakes, errors, and finally, objections and doubts.

I terminate this section and work, by some reflections designed to confirm this truth.

I have said that the scripture tended to produce a powerful effect upon the heart, rather than to frame in the mind a system of theology. This is indeed so evident that it is needless to stop a long time to prove the assertion. What chapter in the New Testament does not speak directly to the heart, and place the essential *principles of religion*, in love and obedience, or in faith, composed of the most complete obedience and devoted love. Let us examine in particular the discourses of Jesus Christ. These discourses are such, that their beauty, clearness, and efficacy, possess, in a special manner, the point of view in question. In Matthew and Luke we find energetic and striking precepts which are calculated to move the heart, and make a decisive impression upon the multitude, but which do not admit of being examined letter by letter.* He who reads them with an open and subdued heart is improved, enlightened, changed. He has received a strong, useful, and truly divine impression, such as answers exactly to the nature of man, and to his social and individual wants. The seed has fallen upon good soil, and the word has brought forth its fruit. But, on the contrary, he who reads the lessons of Jesus only to discuss the signification, to measure the language, and weigh the words, runs the risk of misunderstanding the spirit and design. When Jesus spoke to the Jews, to what faculties of their soul did he especially address himself, and what dispositions did he demand in them? What dispositions, consequently, does he demand of us, in order that we may rightly understand his precepts and ideas?

Let us bless God in having demanded for the efficacy of His word, rectitude and sensibility rather than knowledge. If this had been necessary, the fruits of this word would have been, like most earthly benefits, the heritage of a few. But it demands above everything else, docility of heart, and immediately it becomes the treasure of the poor and the humble, as much or even more than that of the rich and learned. All are able to acquire an honest and good heart, but to study, analyze, and explain, there is required a learning and knowledge which a great majority of mankind do not enjoy.

Let us, moreover, remark, how this spirit of submission gives the true key of scripture, and causes all objections to disappear. We are not able, with our limited understanding, to establish a complete theological system. There will always remain obscurities and things difficult to be reconciled, because they concern the infinite, and we behold only a part. The truly enlightened theologian often says, if he be honest, 'I do not know.' These obscurities astonish and even vex men more curious than pious, who wish to class all in chapters and arrange in syllogisms. But if we take the Christian view, and study the scriptures in order to apply them to the conduct and the life, all is instantly clear, harmony re-appears, contradictions are removed, the heart receives a single impression, and all the teachings and truths are in agreement to sanctify and change. Paul promises salvation by faith, and James by works; the theologians endeavor to reconcile them, and undoubtedly it is not difficult, and a reader who is not a theologian, may indeed be startled at this apparent contradiction. But instead of discussing the theory, let him put in practice that which is commanded him as the apostles have ordained, and nothing is more easy, and the two lessons united, instead of contradicting, afford mutual aid. Will the living faith of the one be, by any chance, useless to the spotless religion of the other? And he who believes

that Jesus Christ 'was delivered for our offences and raised for our justification,'† will he not have a greater resolution and zeal, 'to visit the fatherless, and widows in their affliction, and keep himself unspotted from the world?'‡ And, on the other hand, will not charity, in transporting into a divine atmosphere his thoughts, his affections, and his wishes, cause him to love and seek in faith the divine model which he has already imitated, and to whose laws he is subjected?

This is a demonstration, indeed, as persuasive as sublime, of the divinity of our book. Theory does not always permit itself completely and easily to understand, but the proof is always clear, always in agreement with itself, always in perfect accordance with the depths of the human heart, and abounding in fruits of peace and life. If the scriptures had been the work of man, it would have been otherwise. The theory would have been so well arranged, that nothing would have failed. All would have seemed plain, reasonable, proved. But experience would have contradicted the system, the machinery would have worked badly, fatal and unforeseen consequences would every where have sprung forth, and the hearts of the ignorant and unhappy, would have in vain demanded peace and repose. For thus have terminated all philosophies and systems of morals up to the present, which have not been based upon the gospel.

Happy, then, the Christian, who joins to an entire conviction of the celestial origin of the New Testament, the honest, and good heart, alone capable of understanding its teachings, and capable of placing its precepts in practice. He alone knows how to read the 'law of the Eternal,' and meditate upon it with joy, by night and by day, continually approaching nearer to God, 'the Father of light,' and the Father of all perfection. In this holy exercise, his intelligence and his love are unitedly developed. His faith, moreover, enlarges and extends, for it thrusts its roots deep into the appropriate soil, and near the running waters designed to nourish it. It will yield its fruit in time of need, and in every season its shade will afford refreshment and safety. This faith could only languish in the midst of discussions and theories; the words of man could have furnished it only a feeble aliment and imperfect moisture; but in a diligent and sensible reader of the word of God, it draws a vigor and a new prosperity from those touching and intimate beauties, those secret harmonies, those discoveries of the heart, those convictions of sentiment and experience, even more persuasive than the demonstrations and testimony of history.

'If any man will do His will, says our Lord, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself.'†

*Matt., v. 22, 29, 30, 34, 37, 39—41, 48; vi. 3, 17, 31, 32, &c.
" Romans, iv. 24, 25. † James, i. 27.
‡ John, vii. 17.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

## 'THE CHURCH' IN DANGER.

Mr Editor.—I have been so much amused by some paragraphs in an English newspaper which a friend sent me, that I have thought your readers might also be entertained by their perusal. Dr Carpenter of Bristol, whose hospitality has been proved by so many Americans, and whose learning and candor are known to those who have not enjoyed his personal acquaintance, having prepared an edition of his Harmony of the Gospels for the press, obtained permission to dedicate it to the Queen. In consequence the Queen, the Ministry, Dr Carpenter, and Unitarianism have been assailed, as if a mortal blow had been aimed at Christianity and its defenders must come to the rescue. The John Bull, from which the following article is taken, is emphatically the High Tory paper of London, which is seldom troubled by any regard to truth or justice in its attempts to avert the spread of liberal opinions. An example more in point could hardly be found than in these lines.

" DR LANT CARPENTER.

"We have received the following letter from Dr Lant Carpenter:—

*To the John Bull.*

*Bristol, October 13th.*

Sir,—In reference to the notice in your last paper of the permission granted me by her majesty to dedicate to her the 'Apostolical Harmony of the Gospels,' I think it right to say that the permission was sought, and granted, solely on the ground that the work is not of a controversial nature. If you will copy the two paragraphs of the dedication which I have marked, it may dissipate the uneasiness of some of your readers. L. CARPENTER.

"In accordance with Dr Carpenter's wish, we subjoin the paragraphs to which he calls our attention.

'On ascending the throne of these realms, your Majesty made the joy-inspiring declaration, that you would consult the welfare of ALL classes of your subjects. I am happy, as well as grateful, that, in granting the permission which I sought, your Majesty has shown that no religious denomination among your subjects will be without a portion of that kind consideration which you can manifest without compromising your own individual convictions, and without interfering with those claims which are given to others by the law of the land.

'If the following work had been founded upon, or had been intended to teach, the distinctive opinions which I hold as a Unitarian Christian I would on no account, have solicited the honor of dedicating it to your Majesty. But I am fortified by the published statement of a divine of the Established Church, distinguished as a defender of its doctrines, honored by his scientific rank, and greatly esteemed for his personal character, in representing my work as in no sense doctrinal in its nature. If my own peculiarities of religious belief have ever biassed me in it, I am not conscious of the fact. But, Madam, there is, as divines of your own Church have expressed it, a *common* Christianity; and my labors in this volume have been directed to illustrate this, under the influence of reverence and love for our common Savior. I hope it will be found as expressed by the American reviewer, quoted in my preface, that 'the author seems never to forget, and he never lets his reader forget, that it is a holy record he is analysing —the history of the Son of God that he is illustating.'

"We confess that we have no great apprehension of any danger accruing from the contents of any work (even were it doctrinal), as regards the unsettling of her Majesty's religious principles, to the formation and establishment of which so much care and attention have throughout her life been devoted. But we must say that however naturally Dr Carpenter may congratulate himself and his disciples on finding the Queen's patronage and 'kind consideration' bestowed upon his work, we cannot but think the 'uneasiness of our readers' on the subject not altogether unnatural, taken in conjunction with the fact that the Bishops of Norwich and Durham have become subscribers to a volume of sermons published by Mr Turner, who, like Dr Carpenter, holds Unitarian principles; nor can we blame them for having felt 'uneasy' when they found that the Doctor's work, addressed to, and sanctioned by her Majesty, although not doctrinal, and not, as the Doctor says, even 'founded upon the distincitve opinions which he holds as an Unitarian Christian,' is founded upon 'the most ancient opinion respecting the duration of our Savior's ministry,' &c.

"We admit that their feelings may now assume another character when they perceive how strangely anomalous the title and character of Dr Carpenter's work are. In his dedication, he openly avows himself an Unitarian, and then presents to his Sovereign a 'Harmony of the Gospels, as regards the ministry of the Savior!' in whose divinity he believes not. In fact, we cannot comprehend the nature of the course the Doctor has adopted. From his own showing, all we can gather is, that wishing to obtain the royal patronage, he has written a book on this most sacred subject, totally at variance with his own religious principles. Indeed, he says—'If my own peculiarities of religious belief have biassed me in it, *I am not conscious of the fact.*' So, that he has avowedly concocted a work in the truth and genuineness of which he himself has no faith, and even goes the length of apologising for anything like an expression of his own sentiments or principles, which may by any accident have found their way into it.

If the conduct of those who advised her Majesty to sanction this production astonished us in the first instance, what we see of the production itself astonishes us still more."

I said your readers might be entertained, yet grief rather than amusement seems the proper feeling that such passages should excite. We may smile at the apprehensions that have been awakened among the friends of 'The Church' by the fact that a Unitarian has been allowed to dedicate his book to royalty, 'taken in conjunction' with another fact not less alarming, that two Bishops have subscribed to a volume of Unitarian sermons; or at the 'uneasiness' occasioned by the discovery that a harmony of the gospels 'is founded upon the most ancient opinion respecting the duration of our Savior's ministry;' but it is deplorable to observe the mixture of ignorance and bigotry that could alone have perverted Dr Carpenter's disavowal of doctrinal bias in the preparation of a work on the arrangement of the historical records of our religion into a confession of disbelief 'in the truth and genuineness' of the Christian Scripture. Do they who can perpetrate such injustice deserve more our pity or our censure?

The John Bull is grievously scandalized at the attrocity of a bishop's subscribing to a volume of sermons written by a Unitarian Dissenter. If the following statement made in the same paper be true, it presents an instance of clerical folly greater than is usually seen in this age.

In several dioceses the clergy are signing a requisition to the Archbishop of Canterbury, requesting his Grace, in conjunction with the Archbishop of York, to institute an episcopal commission to inquire into the conduct of the Lord Bishop of Durham and the Lord Bishop of Norwich, in having subscribed to a work intended to promulgate the infidel heresy of Socinianism, with the view, when the fact has been legally announced, to further proceedings. We believe that before those proceedings for the suspension of the prelates can be instituted, the archbishops must obtain the sanction of the crown. We shall see whether ministers will dare to uphold convicted heretics (supposing the fact to be proved) in their sees, by advising the Queen to reject the advise of the Archbishops of Cantebury and York. One point ministers have already gained. The conduct of these two bishops will do much to undermine the Establishment, and will, perhaps, make some High Churchmen willing to unite with those who desire to separate Church and state.—*John Bull.*

The metropolitan organ of High Church principles is not alone in its alarms. The Bristol Journal contains a communication under the signature of Clericus, showing how much 'the cause of truth in general, and *the safety of the Established Church* in particular' are thought to be affected by the ominous circumstance of Dr Carpenter's dedication of his Harmony to the Queen, and the Leeds Intelligencer expresses its fears that eduction untramelled by the restrictions of party may find its way through the patronage of dignitaries of the Church. As the extracts are short you may copy them.

*To the Editor of the Bristol Journal.*

Sir,—Permit me to ask two questions on a subject replete with importance, as deeply affecting the cause of truth in general, and the safety of the Established Church in particular. 1st. Is it true that Dr Lant Carpenter has obtained permission to dedicate to the Queen his publication on the Harmony of the Gospels?—2dly. If so—By what sort of influence can an avowed impugner of the National Faith obtain for his works the sanction of the Supreme Governor of the Church of England, one of whose august titles is *Defender of the Faith*; and by what kind of advisers is our gracious and unsuspecting Sovereign betrayed into such an application of her patronage?

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
CLERICUS.

The Bishops of Durham and Norwich are both warm friends of education!!! *Let Christian parents look to it.* If they are not on the alert, the next session of parliament will deal a fresh blow at the Church. If the people of England are misled, their ignorance will be wilful. They have been warned. There are signs in the times which portend evil. Again we say, Bishops Malthy and Stanly are the advocates of Whig national education! Mr Turner, or Dr Carpenter, or Mr Fox, or some other Socinian, will perhaps be called to their councils, and are Englishmen content to leave the matter in their hands? We pause for a reply—*Leeds Intelligencer.*

The italics and notes of exclamation belong to the original article. The lesson that may be gathered from such paragraphs is obvious.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

## A LETTER OF ADVICE TO A NEPHEW, WRITTEN BY A MERCHANT OF BOSTON, AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY.

*Boston, 10th December,* 1788.

My Dear Nephew,—Inasmuch as in the course of Divine Providence you are by the death of your Father deprived of your natural Guardian and Guide, and at that critical Period in which you are forming Principles and Habits which you will probably carry through Life; you must admit the propriety, arising from my near Relation and Affection to you, of such advise as my Experience and my Solicitude for you may dictate, and your Situation require. And let me entreat you by the regard you cannot but have for your present and future Happiness, to pay not a transient and superficial, but a pointed and permanent attention to it. In the first place, I conjure you to lay the Foundation of all your Thoughts, Views and Conduct, in Supreme and Invariable Regard to God, the source and standard of moral excellence. Consecrate yourself to Him without reserve—maintain an humble and devout communion with him and an habitual sense of his presence and inspection, and of your Accountableness to him as your final judge and in every situation realize his moral Government, and let your constant Gratitude, Submission and Trust, express your persuasion of the Wisdom, Rectitude and Goodness of all his Dispensations. Study the Sacred Scriptures and make them the rule of your Faith and Practice. Imbibe the Spirit, obey the Precepts and copy the examples, while you trust in that Glorious Saviour of whom they testify and in whose Mediation alone you can have hope towards God. Thus will your life, if continued, in every succeeding period, exhibit an increasing conformity to its First Great Cause, and your Piety, Purity and Charity, be the source of serenity and joy in your own bosom and of comfort and happiness to all around you, —and whether your life be longer or shorter, it will assuredly terminate in the commencement of immortal Felicity. In the next place, and as a necessary result of the principles above laid down, you can never forget—and can therefore scarcely need to be reminded of your obligations and the Duty thence arising to your Mother, but let her widowed and destitute state, be the means of increasing your attention to her, and let all your expressions and actions manifest that you are under the influence of Filial affection, and that you wish and aim to make her happy. If it ever be in your power, contribute largely to her support and comfort, should she need it, let you deny yourself what you may, to accomplish it. And depend upon it that you will never be the poorer for assistance thus rendered—for the confidence such conduct will gain you, will have a necessary tendency to promote the Peace and Pleasure of your own mind, but also your outward Prosperity. In order to any degree of advancement, reputation or usefulness as a member of society and a citizen, you must pay a critical and assiduous Attention to your Business, and the greatest respect to your Master, while you are learning it. Always treat him with complaisance and obey him with cheerfulness—consider your youth and inexperience, and attend with care and gratitude to such cautions and instructions as he may see fit to give you, and let me guard you by the sacred Principles and Precepts of our holy Religion and by every wish you can form for your own Interest and Happiness, against the temptations to which your present situation, eligible as it is in every respect, must necessarily expose you. Avoid as destructive to all your prospects in this life and the next, all unprincipled, extravagant, profane and vicious company. Never indulge even for a moment a disposition to Fraud, Falsehood or Dishonesty in word or deed, be the temptation ever so alluring. Cultivate habits of Sobriety, Purity, Industry and Honesty. Study to make yourself master of your Business and to deserve and establish a Reputation for knowledge of it and an inflexible integrity in conducting it, and let Books, whether of science or amusement, be but a secondary object with you, and never suffer them to interfere with the primary one. Thus will you acquire and secure Confidence and employment with the rational expectation of a respectable Establishment in life, and trusting in Him who is the Orphan's Hope and Guide, you may become an ornament and blessing to the community, enjoy much peace and comfort here, and having acted well your part in the Great Drama, quit the stage at last with the approbation of your Judge.

With the sincerest wishes herefor I subscribe myself, my dear Nephew, your affectionate Uncle. S. B.

*Lukewarmness.*—Upon the Church there never yet fell a tempestuous storm, the vapors whereof were not first noted to rise from coldness in affection, and from backwardness in duties of service towards God.—*Hooker.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

## THE THREE WAYS TO THE NAME OF ATHEIST.

There be three methods whereby men do win the reputation of Atheists. A name of all names the most hateful and to be eschewed.

I. Men do gain this appellation by denying, in good set speech, that there is a God: they affirming in their sottish way, that all things do come of chance, and the blind rush of atoms; the fortuitous and temerarious concourse of particles. Nature, say these besotted drivelers, like a blind man has from eternity been laboring, but brought forth only misshapen abortions, till at last she hath hit the mark, and produced this brave world, the which, with all its bravery, is full of flaws, and imperfections. They affirm that there is no spirit—these infamous Sadducees!—but only body. In all the brave garniture of the sky: the profound dignity of the mighty ocean, and in the hyssop, which springeth out of the wall, (though the least of them did out-puzzle Solomon,) they see no miracle. They say in their foolish fancy, that man speaketh, because he hath language; worketh, because he hath hands; and doth hear and see and smell, because he chanced to have ears and eyes and a nose. In all these they can gather no design. Peeping into their thoughts, they do find a notion of God,—a Cause, and an Energy, but they take it to be only like the dream of a sick man, and no shadow of a real entity. Peradventure they declare it came of the nursery rhymes sung over their cradles.

By this method in old times, did men gain that bad appellation of Atheists. Such were Leucippus, and Democritus, and Protagoras, and Lucretius, with diverse others, well known; the which did glory in their shame, in that they were atheists; and mock at the religious, as men deluded, and foolish.

II. A second way, somewhat followed of old time was this. To say there was a God, with the tongue; but to deny him in the heart, and to live foul and adulterous lives. The Apostle it may be, had these fellows in his mind, when he portrayed men that were without God in the world; who did hold the truth in unrighteousness: and in practice denying, what in profession they allow. Such men will make long prayers, and yet devour widows' houses. Of all atheists, these are the worst and most damnable. The poison hath not only over-mastered their mind, (though they attempt to disguise it,) but clean corrupted their heart. When the fountain is deadly the stream will kill. The Prophets of old time did specially condemn such atheisers. 'Cursed' sayth Jeremy 'cursed be the man whose *heart* departeth from the Lord.'

But now-a-days, it hath some how gotten to be the fashion to neglect such atheisers, and call them by sleek, smooth names, if so be they have a dainty seeming. My blood waxeth hot at the sight of such fellows. They be only cheats, sounding brass, which hath no life in it: covered graves; painted sepulchres; perpetual Pharisees; apparitions; phantoms; their *esse* is only *videri*. Such men be damnable. 'Many things,' sayth Sirach, 'hath my soul hated, but nothing like him.' But the proper name doth not alway stick to him. Should the great Judge say to him, 'Thou foul atheist, I will sift thee as wheat,' he would fall on his knees, to utter, 'Lord, Lord, spare, I am a respectable man, I tithe my mint, anise and cummin, with the best of them. I have attended thy Church: and given thee of my substance. Have given Bibles and tracts to the poor. I have called on thy name, and wrote myself Christian; what wouldst thou more.' The Judge shall say, 'all this thou didst to be seen of men, thou false pretender! where is thine Heart? I lack not thy substance, or thy knee!' Verily the scribes in the latter days know that these men should be called Legion, for they are many. Esaias did prophesy of them right well. Do not the strangers in Israel know there be many such deceivers?

III. There is another method a good deal surer than the last, whereby men gain this unenvied reputation. In brief it is this, by being more spirituous, in thought, expression and in life, than other men. They that do outrun their fellows in wisdom are oftenest called madmen. Thou art beside thyself, said Festus to Paul, though he was chiefest of the apostles. It is ever said, 'every great genius is fancied to have a touch of madness about it.' Because it doth outrun the dull fancies of other men, who being unable to pack all of the truth he brings in their panniers—(not on account of the fulness, but the craziness thereof.) straightway they call out, 'madman, fool,' and sometimes even worse. So if any man be so devout, that the most wonted forms of devotion, (albeit they be useful to others)—do not square with his desires, nor express the prodigious aspirings of his soul; nor serve to bear him upward in his loftiest soarings, but he fashioneth other wings for himself; and giveth vent to his piety in unwonted exclamations, even in words, unusual, incoherent, and, peradventure, not always fitly spoken, he also is surest of coming under the ban of these men who call that water cursed which is not drawn in their pitchers; and all gourds deadly, unless seethed in their pots. Do not all the rivers run into the sea, but each in his own fashion? Yea, and the great deep never asketh if the waters came by the East, or the North, but gladly accepteth all. Even so He who is unsearchable, who seeth not as man seeth, beyond doubt, accepteth the prayers and the persons of all such as be pure in heart, and lovers of the truth.

Now I bethink me, that in the old time, the true upholders of the cross, though in life stainless; and in fidelity, martyrs to the Faith, were called Blasphemers, and Atheists, by the Heathen, and even as Eusebius reporteth, were put to death as godless men, who would not call upon Diana, and so merited to die. If a man be more spirituous than his fellows, men do begin straightway to mock him. He subverteth the Law, say they. Art thou greater than our father Jacob? Who art thou Sir, that essayest to teach *us*, Pharisees as we be? If he be a rough man, and uncouth withall, and austere, they say he hath a devil: If contrariwise he be courtly and polished, speaking words like the steel of Damascus (so sharp that men do not feel the blow, though it sundereth the body,) he is a man gluttonous, and a Hypocrite, say these defamers. So went the old world in the Lord's time: and matters be not over-much mended in these days, we fancy. I remember an ancient did teach, that God careth more about dispositions, than opinions; and looketh rather at the Heart than the Head (for that of the wise man had whims in it, and how much more that of us foolish children.) but the devil hath a course clean contrary thereunto. He lieth in wait for the unwary. If a saint slip with his tongue, Beelzebub doth snatch at him. Not that he careth for saint-ship, or the Church; but seeketh to find the hungry man of his malignity. He carryeth many men with him: for there be loiterers in the market-place (though after the eleventh hour,) who raise the hue and cry, if any rogue do call out Stop thief, though he make up to a man known to be right honest.

These be three ways of getting the name of Atheist. So here endeth my tractate. Amen.

SENEX WHO HATH CREPT OUT OF HIS CAVE.


# CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 24, 1838.


## NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

An extract or two from the works of one of the ancient Stoics, whose Discourses have often furnished instruction and delight to the student of ancient Philosophy, may not be unacceptable to our readers; as illustrative of the fact, which is sufficiently familiar to every Scholar, that the greater part of those speculations and doctrines which, in this age, pass with the multitude for original and sublime novelties, occupied the brains and were current upon the lips of Sages two thousand years ago, whose minds had not been enlightened by the 'Day-Spring from on high.'

Indeed, many of the writers of the Stoic and Platonic Schools abound with sentiments in relation to the nature of man and human culture which bear a remarkable likeness to those which are popular with a certain class of men in our own day.

This, however, is in nowise marvellous. And, for one, we have no disposition to find fault with a man for borrowing largely from these venerable teachers—but rather commend him for his good taste and sense that he finds wholesome food in the 'corn that comes from such old fields'—only, let him always make the Sheaves of the Philosophers pay due obeisance to the Sheaf of the Son of God.

'God is beneficial. Good is also beneficial. It should seem, then, that where the Essence of God is, there too is the Essence of Good. What then is the Essence of God? Flesh?—By no means. An Estate?—Fame?—By no means. Intelligence? Knowledge? Right Reason?—Certainly. Here then, without more ado, seek the Essence of Good. For, do you seek it in a Plant?—No.—Or in a Brute?—No.

What then? Are not these likewise the Works of the gods? They are: but not Principals, nor Parts of the gods. But you are a Principal. You are a distinct Portion of the Essence of God; and contain a certain Part of him in yourself. Why then are you ignorant of your noble Birth? Why do not you consider, whence you came? why do not you remember, when you are eating, who you are who eat; and whom you feed? When you are in the Company of Women; when you are conversing; when you are exercising; when you are disputing: do not you know, that it is a God you feed; a God you exercise? You carry a God about with you, Wretch, and know nothing of it. Do you suppose I mean some God without you of Gold or Silver? It is within yourself you carry him; and profane him, without being sensible of it, by impure Thoughts, and unclean Actions. If even the Image of God were present, you would not dare to act as you do: and when God himself is within you, and hears and sees all, are not you ashamed to think and act thus: insensible of your own Nature, and hateful to God?

After all, why are we afraid, when we send a young man from the School, into Action, that he should behave indecently, eat indecently, converse indecently with Women: that he should either debase himself by a shabby Dress, or clothe himself too finely? Doth not he know the God within him? Doth not he know with whom he sets out? Have we Patience to hear him say, 'I wish to have *you* with me.'

Have you not *God?* Do you seek any other, while you have *him?* Or will He tell you any other than these things? If you were a Statue of Phidias, either Jupiter or Minerva, you would remember both yourself and the Artist; and, if you had any Sense, you would endeavor to do nothing unworthy of him who formed you, or of yourself: nor to appear in an unbecoming Manner, to Spectators. And are you now careless how you appear, because you are the Workmanship of Jupiter? And yet, what Comparison is there, either between the Artists, or the things they have formed? What Work of any [human] Artist contains in itself, those Faculties which are shown, in forming it? Is it any thing but Marble, or Brass, or Gold, or Ivory? And the Minerva of Phidias, when its Hand is once extended, and a *Victory* placed in it, remains in that Attitude, for ever. But the Works of God are indued with Motion, Breath, the Use of the Appearances of things, Judgment. Being, then, the Formation of such an Artist, will you dishonor him; especially, when he hath not only formed, but intrusted, and given the Guardianship of you, to yourself? Will you not only be forgetful of this, but, moreover, dishonor the Trust? If God had committed some Orphan to your Charge, would you have been thus careless of him? He hath delivered yourself to your Care; and says, 'I had no one fitter to be trusted than you: preserve this Person for me, such as he is by Nature; modest, faithful, sublime, unterrified, dispassionate, tranquil:' and will you not preserve him?'

In another of his discourses he says,

'Ah, When shall I see Athens, and the Citadel, again?' Wretch, are not you contented with what you see every Day? Can you see any thing better than the Sun, the Moon, the Stars, the whole Earth, the Sea? But if besides, you comprehend him who administers the Whole, and carry him about in yourself, do you still long after Pebbles, and a fine Rock? What will you do then, when you are to leave even the Sun and Moon? Will you sit crying, like an Infant?

Why will not you be weaned, as children are; and take more solid Food? Will you never cease to cry after your Mammas and Nurses, whom the old Women about you have taught you to bewail? 'But if I go away, I shall trouble them.'—*You* trouble them! No; it will not be *you*: but that which troubles you too, *Principle.* What have you to do then? Pluck out your [false] Principle; and, if they are wise, they will pluck out theirs too; or, if not, they will lament for themselves.

Boldly make a desperate Push, Man, as the Saying is, for Prosperity, for Freedom, for Magnanimity. Lift up your Head, at last, as free from Slavery. Dare to look up to God, and say; 'Make use of me for the future as thou wilt. I am of the same Mind: I am equal with Thee. I refuse nothing which seems good to Thee. Lead me whither Thou wilt. Clothe me in whatever Dress Thou wilt. Is it Thy Will, that I should be in a public or a private Condition; dwell here, or be banished; be poor, or rich? Under all these circumstances I will make thy Defence to Men. I will show what the Nature of every thing is.' No! Rather sit alone, in a warm Place, and wait till your Mamma comes to feed you! If Hercules had sat loitering at home, what would he have been? Eurystheus, and not Hercules. Besides, by travelling through the World, how many Acquaintance, and how many Friends, had he? But none more his Friend, than God: for which Reason he was believed to be the son of God; and was so. In Obedience to Him, he went about extirpating Injustice, and lawless Force. But you are not Hercules; nor able to extirpate the Evils of others: nor even Theseus, to extirpate the Evils of Attica. Extirpate your own then. Expel, instead of Procrustes and Sciron, Grief, Fear, Desire, Envy, Malevolence, Avarice, Effeminacy, Intemperance, [from your Mind]. But these can be no otherwise expelled, than by looking up to God alone, as your Pattern: by attaching yourself to him alone, and being consecrated to his Commands. If you wish for any thing else, you will, with Sighs and Groans, follow what is stronger than you: always seeking Prosperity without, and never able to find it. For you seek it where it is not, and neglect to seek it where it is.

## REV WILLIAM ANDREWS, LATE OF CHELMSFORD, MASS.

The intelligence of the death of this gentleman, a friend and Brother in the ministry, came upon us suddenly and with an unusually startling effect.

Sometimes,—as we doubt not all have experienced—one is so intently occupied, as for a while to lose all sense that such a thing as Death is. Just then, to have the train of thought suddenly interrupted by the announcement that some acquaintance or friend is no more, produces invariably an unwonted shock. Besides, there seem to be certain persons in the circle of our companions the news of whose decease, from some unaccountable cause, affects us so as if it were a more singular and unexpected event that they, rather than others, should pay the debt, to whose settlement we know that all are liable at any instant to be summoned. It is not that they are stronger than the rest, or dearer—but, somehow, we have never happened to associate their images with the thought of death, and so prepared ourselves for their departure. They have always been regarded by us in connexion with *this life*, its spots, its duties, its memories, its prospects, and seemed to us real dwellers upon the earth, standard images in society, stationed workers in particular spheres.

But, be this as it may, we have seldom been so taken by surprise, or so much affected, as by the news of the death of the estimable man whose name is at the head of this paragraph.

We have known him for several years, as a student of Divinity, as a Preacher, as a friend; and rejoice to bear testimony to his sterling worth. He was pious without affectation, warm-hearted without obtrusiveness, faithful without parade. One of his principal characteristics was Modesty—amounting indeed to Diffidence, and interfering sometimes with a proper exercise and exhibition of his abilities and worth. He was prudent also and circumspect, so that few could find cause of reproach in his conduct or speech although they might appreciate him at less than his price.

His was an improving character. It was advancing steadily; and, had his life been prolonged, he would have secured and maintained the reputation of a substantially useful and respectable man, a Pastor worthy of confidence and love, a Preacher faithful and discreet. Our community, as well as his Parish, has sustained a loss in him; and every one of his classmates and friends will cherish his memory with affection and esteem.

We very willingly put aside two or three matters of our own to make room for the following.

## DR CHANNING'S LECTURE ON SELF-CULTURE BEFORE THE FRANKLIN LYCEUM.

Dr Channing began by stating his design in addressing the audience, viz. to set before them the Ideal of human culture; the means, of obtaining that ideal; and to reply to some objections commmonly brought against the idea of educating the mass of men. Before sketching the plan of his address, he enlarged with singular beauty and effect on the great dignity of human nature; the worth of man, as man, a value so great, that all distinctions between *classes* of men vanished in a moment; they were as drops to the ocean. He then proceeded, in a very eloquent manner to unfold the Idea of culture; what a man should design to do for himself. He should aim 1st, To cultivate his *moral powers.* These were of the noblest order. The sentiment of the Just, the True, and the Good, connects us most intimately with God. Conscience is God's most familiar presence in the soul. It is a *real* power, though some deny its existence. 2d, To cultivate the *religious sentiments.* We will not do injustice to this portion of the address, by the meagre report we could furnish of it at this moment, and at this distance of time, for we took no notes. Suffice it to say, it was received with almost breathless attention, by a large audience, many of whom were standing, for want of room to sit. 3d, To cultivate the *intellectual* powers. There was less danger these should be omitted than any of the others, for men saw the use of the mind. It gave bread, distinction, wealth and power. Men were willing to lay great stress on this; still, too much *could* not be done. Then 4th, the sense of the *beautiful* was to be cultivated. He spoke of the reality of this sentiment, and the beautiful provision made for its culture, by the Author of nature. Only a small part of the *things* in the world, were designed, to feed, clothe or warm man, but all were beautiful, from the little shell to the cloud and the rainbow. This sense could be cultivated by meditating on the works of nature, and art. He supposed a man to find, in a rude cottage the works of the great masters of design, paintings, statues; and to be told that from year to year no eye looked at them. How he would lament. But the beauties of nature were as little noticed by many men. They saw no beauty.

II. *The means of this education.* A man's trade taught him. He did not consider it a figure of speech that a man was taught by his trade. Education was the unfolding of the mind, a trade educates the mind, as far as it calls it into exercise; some trades do this as well as any of the learned professions. So, as well educated men may be found in trades as in Professions. Besides, education is not merely a developement of the *mind,* but of the *moral, religious and social* affections, and humble stations in life afford often the best opportunity for the exercise of the great virtues of charity and self-denial such as the rich man cannot practise, from the *nature* of the case: so the best specimens of human nature, or in others words the *greatest men,* may be found, where we least often look for them; in the lowest walks of life. Here he made some remarks on *true* greatness, which, to our humble sense, seemed the truest and the noblest teaching we ever heard, except in the great and good volume. He thought the *greatest man* in this city might be found in some lowly tenement; all unknown to idle lookers on; plying some humble calling; sustaining a family by his labor, and everyday doing duties, difficult to be done, and braving crosses, hard to be borne, which would give a man the *fame* of greatness, if borne in a conspicuous station. Here he spoke of some of the obstacles in the way of culture, and particularly of intemperance, the deadliest foe to it. He expressed his hearty approval of the famous fifteen-gallon Law. He suggested reading. A man could purchase the works of Milton, and Shakspeare, for a small sum, and though excluded from *good society,* have the society of those sacred Authors, in his lowly dwelling. He enlarged on this means of improvement. Spoke also of Schools; of the great interest now felt in education in our

State; of the great service rendered by the present Secretary of the Board of Education, and one gentleman who gave treasure to establish a Normal School. But the present state of education was not satisfactory; much remained to be done. It is possible that the poorest should one day have better means of self-culture than the richest possess at this time. The poorest man has better means of self-culture than Homer, or Pythagoras. He proposed that the Public Lands should in some way be appropriated to this great work. He spoke also of conversation as a noble instrument for cultivating the whole man—as an amusement, and instruction it was above price. It was little noticed, because every body could talk. He dwelt on the importance of beginning early. Here lay the secret. If one commenced late, great energies, and hardy efforts might do much, but want of early culture would always retard the work, so the duty of parents was plain.

III. *Reply to Objections.* Some say uncultivated laborers are the best laborers, (an argument worthy of Hobbes.) An answer to this is found in the state of agriculture and the arts, in the Southern States, where the laborers are slaves, and of course uncultivated. Some say laborers have not time. But for what do men live? Besides, cultivation creates time, by devizing easy methods of doing the work of the community. Witness the steam engine, and a thousand other machines. The tendency of civilization is to make the head save the hands. So time is set free to grow wise and good in. Some other popular (at least common) objections were answered, which we will not mention.

The above is but a very meagre, poor and imperfect report of what seemed to us the most profound, philosophic, christian, and practical discourse of this great and eloquent Philanthropist. The subject was worthy of the man, and the man equal to the subject. The address was eloquent, deep, full of profound philanthropy, and religious feeling. We could not avoid looking round to watch the effect on many a care worn face. Surely the spark had struck in the heart, for the flame already rising shone in the face. We could see in imagination the great truths uttered that night stealing like the noiseless dew into an hundred families, warming the heart, exciting the thoughts, guiding the energies and shaping the life of multitudes, who shall bless his name, or what is better, rejoice in his light, when his name is forgot. It cannot be that so many good words have fallen like water spilt, not to be gathered again; for it it is true, that no drop of Heaven's rain falls, on the sterile ocean, on the gutter stone of a city, without doing a good work. It cannot be that the words of Truth, warmed by the spirit of religion and uttered by such persuasive lips, should fall and be forgot. It should be added that much of the manuscript was omitted by the Lecturer for want of time. Of course we suppose it will be published.

## FRIENDS OF AMERICA.

A correspondent of the New York American, writing from Paris, mentions in flattering terms two of the ardent and strenuous friends of America, viz. James Grahame Esq. and Botta, both celebrated historians, and both of whom he has visited and describes as to their personal appearance. &c.

It appears that the former esteems himself to be maligned by Mr Bancroft, in his history. The particulars of the case the writer gives at length. We have made an abridgement of the letter and publish it with a belief that it will prove interesting.

Apropos of friends and enemies of America, the first of the former among European writers has long resided at Nantz. I refer to James Grahame, Esq., originally of Lanarkshire, Scotland, author of 'The History of the United States of North America, from the Plantation of the British Colonies to their revolt and Declaration of Independence;' a work the first part of which was issued in 1827. The history has been reprinted with the addition of two volumes and now consists of four octavos, excellent in style, and beautiful in typography. It was prompted by the warmest predilection and esteem for the United States. 'I am not desirous,' he observes in the Preface, 'of concealing that I regard America with feelgs of the strongest, perhaps the most partial regard.' This regard animated him throughout his arduous task, and remains in all its vivacity, although the degree of attention and honor due to his production, has not yet been paid in America. He has never crossed the Atlantic. His labors, so far from yielding him any pecuniary profit, have cost him upwards of six hundred pounds sterling. They have cost him still more in the deterioration of his health; and it was scarcely possible for any constitution to remain unimpaired under the ardor, anxiety and pains, with which he sought to do justice to his cherished subject. Suffer me to cite some more sentences from his Preface:—

'There has never been a people on whose character their own historical recollections were calculated to exercise a more animating or salutary influence, than the nation whose history I have undertaken to relate. If an inspired apostle might with complacency proclaim himself a *citizen of no mean city*, a North American may feel grateful exultation in styling himself the native of no ignoble land,—but of a land that has yielded as rich a harvest of glory to God and of happiness to man, as any other portion of the world, from the earliest days of recorded time has ever had the privilege of affording. A more elevated model of human character could hardly be proposed to the imitation of the people of New England, Pennsylvania, and some others of the North American States, than that which their own early history bequeaths to them. It is at once their interest and their honor to preserve with sacred care, a bequest so richly fraught with the instructions of wisdom and the incitements of duty. They will cherish a generous and profitable self-respect, while they comply with the canon of Divine wisdom, to 'remember the days of old, and consider the years of many generations;' and the venerated ashes of their fathers will dispense a nobler influence than the relics of the prophet of Israel, in reviving piety and invigorating virtue.'

In this, there is no exaggeration. You will unite with me in considering the man who has thus indefatigably and fondly explored, and skillfully and elegantly digested, the early history of all the North American States, as our greatest friend and benefactor among European writers. He is constantly employed in collecting materials for the improvement of his work in another edition, and means to bequeath his collections and manuscripts to one of our universities. I have exhorted him to undertake, as a sequel, the history of our Revolutionary War, and of the establishment of our present political system, with the new editions of the writings of Washington, and Franklin, and the Memoirs of Lafayette, as the chief sources of information. He has seized the idea with his wonted enthusiasm; but I fear that his health will not prove equal to its accomplishment. The proper panegyric on his work has been bestowed in several of the leading Reviews of Great Britain. Mr Grahame appears to be about forty-eight or fifty years of age; has an amiable temper and pious spirit, a tall, fine person, and handsome fair face, he converses eloquently, and expatiates with as much affectionate interest as he writes about the United States. It has really afflicted me, and I know has deeply chagrined him, that Mr Bancroft, in his History of the Colonization, has hazarded an imputation on his veracity. I copy the charge, as roundly and cavalierly made in the following note, (page 64, 2d volume.) 'On Clarke, see Backhus, i. 440; Allen's Biog. Dict. The charge of 'baseness' in Clarke, i. 315, ed. 1836, is *Grahame's own invention.* His enemies in Massachusetts disliked his principle and his success, they respected his fidelity and his blameless character. *Grahame is usually very candid in his judgments.*' You will not hesitate, I am sure, to give me space for the following extract from a private letter of Mr Grahame to whom I sent Mr Bancroft's work. It is an act of common justice to afford a hearing to such a man, when thus arraigned. All those who know him personally, would implicitly trust him, in what assertion soever.

This extract contains besides, critical opinions, which must be deemed of high authority, and by which our gifted countryman may profit 'Mr. Bancroft's second volume has greatly interested and pleased me. I think his plan bad—but I hope that the defects will be redeemed by the merits of the execution. He starts abruptly from one subject to another—and the best rays of his genius are shed on subjects collateral in his main design. He seems, in wantonness, to revel in the play of talent, sometimes at the expense of judgment and good taste: yet is he always able. I hope he will *soberize*, and, as he goes on, evince more and more the seeming and the substance of calm, deliberate thought. In a note to page 64, alluding to the base behaviour which, in my work, I have imputed to one Clarke, an agent at the British Court for Rhode Island, in 1662, he says—'The charge of baseness is *Grahame's own invention.*' There is here a plentiful lack of the kindness I might have expected from an American, and of the courtesy that should characterize a gentleman and a man of letters. I had deserved even severer language, if the *invention* with which I am charged, were justly laid to me; but the imputation is utterly false. So help me God, I never with heart invented, nor with tongue or pen uttered, a charge I believed false, against a human being; and how gratuitous the miscreancy imputed to me, of falsely blackening the memory of a man who never harmed me or mine, and lived about 200 years ago! I have written under the guidance of authorities on which I have, perhaps erringly, certainly honestly, relied. I would rather be convicted of the grossest stupidity, than of the slightest degree of wilful falsification, for I greatly prefer moral to intellectual merit and repute. I am as little disposed to advance as I am to tolerate a charge of wilful calumny; and must suppose that Mr. Bancroft has very loosely and imperfectly studied the authorities which I consulted—a supposition, it must be confessed, no wise creditable to the moral deportment of his historiographic pretensions. However, I hope this is a solitary deviation from candor and rectitude: I am now particularly glad that I wrote some months ago to Mr. Bancroft, expressing my admiration of his first volume, and urging him to perseverance in his noble toil—as hereafter I can never hold the slightest intercourse with him.'

I could not dwell so long on one European laborer in our vineyard, without thinking of another, Botta, whose History of the War of our Independance is more familiar to Americans than the page of the Scottish votary. Do not think me tedious, if I offer an extract from Mr. Grahame's correspondence with me, about his brother historian:

'I hope some American memoir of Botta will appear. It should gratify Americans to learn that on his death-bed, he related (it was to myself) that his son, in some distant part of the world, received civilities from the officers and crew of an American vessel, who instantly recognized as a friend the son of the historian of their country, adding—'*That* was a rich reward of my labors.' When I told him that Jefferson had expressed admiration of his work, he squeezed my hand, and testified much delight, and when I told him that both Jefferson and John Adams condemned his *speeches* as fictitions, he smiled, and answered with *naivete*, 'They are not *all* invented.'

I was myself admitted to several interviews with Botta before his last sickness; but when he was suffering under one of the most painful maladies to which flesh is heir. His contenance was in the highest degree intelligent and engaging. He seemed to bear his bodily afflictions with the mildest equanimity. His eyes beemed with kindness and pride when he spoke of the United States, and the welcome which his volumes had received. He related to me likewise, the anecdote of his son: it was at Rio Janeiro, if I remember well, that, as soon as the officers of one of our ships of war, heard that a son of the historian was on board a French ship in the harbor, they made a brilliant entertainment for the young man, in testimony of our national estimation of the father's rich tribute to our annals. So should we always feel and act, towards all Europeans who exert their highest faculties on those annals, to the permanent exaltation of our national character, with the spirit and perseverance of the Grahames and Bottas. Modern Italy ranks Botta among her best writers, in both prose and verse. I was struck with the beauties of his elocution. His person and air enhanced the effect of his reputation and eloquent strain. A memoir of him appeared in one of the Paris monthly reviews, and I intended to offer you a translation or abstract of it, but I learned that some of his intimate and distinguished literary friends promised a more ample and elaborate biography. I will make use of this, as soon as I can obtain a copy. He lived in a simple, recluse manner, and died in an humble lodging.

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We learn, that Mr Bokum, of Germany, late of Harvard University, will deliver an Address on Sabbath evening next in the Marlboro' Chapel, at 7 o'clock P.M. on the state of the Lutheran, Calvinistic and Catholic Churches in Germany, with particular reference to the state of Religion among the German Protestants and Catholics, in this country.

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## DR. SLEIGH.

Some of our readers will recollect that a person of this name, delivered a course of Lectures against Infidelity in this city. It is said that he has recently been lecturing at Liverpool on the evils of Democracy as shown in this country. He represents our form of government as a curse on human nature.

There may be more reasons for this conduct than reach the eye.

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## ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE, ETC.

*China.—Infanticide.* The Press of June 24, contains a proclamation addressed to the people of Canton, by his Excellency Ke, against the sin of Infanticide. It is a curious document. The Lieut. Gov. states that in the province of Canton the drowning of female children is common, and that both rich and poor run into this practice. The poor, he says, destroy their female children, because of the want of means for their support. The rich destroy them because they think such slender things can never be raised to important posts in the household.

The Governor goes into a feeling argument against the practice, and gravely assures the people that their own mothers were once infant females; that they are indebted for their own bodies to the existence of females; and that the destruction of female infants is nothing less than the slaughter of human beings. He admonishes them to desist from the practice, and threatens punishment if they disobey his commands.

The Government has published a curious prize essay entitled 'On the evil of forming illegal associations.'

The correspondent of the Journal of Commerce writes:

'The opium trade continues to maintain its extraordinary position, the article being delivered regularly at *Whampoa*, in defiance of the most energetic *chops* from the Government officers—and it is now generally supposed that their vigor will be confined to words, and that they receive a portion of the profits of the trade from their countrymen engaged in it, as it is utterly out of the question that it could be carried on at present, except through the connivance and cooperations of the Mandarins. The stopping of the business is entirely impossible, and the only question for the Chinese is whether it shall be a legal or an illegal traffic. Purchasers will be found for the drug at the risk of their lives so long as it is brought to China, and that it will be brought as long as money can be made out of it, there is no doubt whatever.'

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The Convention of the Diocese of Western New York unanimously elected the Rev. William De Lancy, D. D., of Philadelphia, Bishop of that Diocese.

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*British and Foreign Bible Society.*—It appears from the last annual Report of this institution, that its issues of the Holy Scriptures during the year 1837-8, have been nearly six hundred thousand copies, three hundred and seventy thousand at home, and two hundred and twenty four thousand abroad.

The British and Foreign Bible Society has promoted the translating, printing and distributing of the word of God directly in sixty seven different languages and dialects, and indirectly in sixty nine. New translations have been commenced in connection with its efforts and in expectation of its aid in the publication and distribution of them, in eighteen other languages. *God has given the copy-right of the Bible to the world.*

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[From the American Quarterly Register.]

## QUARTERLY LIST OF ORDINATIONS AND INSTALLATIONS.

Summary.—Ordinations 61; Installations 20; Institution 1; Total 82.

*Offices.*—Pastors 47; Evangelists 13; Priests 17; Missionaries 4; Rector 1; Total 82.

*Denominations.*—Congregational 27; Presbyterian 8; Episcopalian 18; Baptist 22; Unitarian 4; Free Will Baptist 1; Ref. Dutch 1; German Reformed 1; Total 82.

*States.*—Maine 7; New Hampshire 4; Vermont 4; Massachusetts 21; Rhode Island 3; Connecticut 5; New York 19; New Jersey 2; Pennsylvania 6; Maryland 1; Dist. of Columbia 4; Virginia 2; South Carolina 2; Tennessee 1; Kentucky 1; Total 82.

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## QUARTERLY LIST OF DEATHS OF CLERGYMEN.

Seneca Stanley, Bap. Cornville, Maine, Oct. 17, 1838.

Prosper Davidson, æt. 32, Bap. Lyme, New Hampshire, Sept. 24, 1838.

Martin Alden, æt. 65, Cong. Barnstable, Massachusetts, Sept. 1838.

Augustus B. Reed, æt. 39, Cong. Ware, Ms. Sept. 30.

Joshua Crosby, æt. 77, Enfield, Cong. Ms. Oct.

Orasmus Tinker, æt. 36, Cong. Ashby, Ms. Oct.

Matthew Bolles, æt. 70, Bap. Hartford, Connecticut, Sept. 26, 1838.

Elisha Cushman, æt. 50, Bap. Hartford, Ct. Oct. 26.

Frederick Halsey, æt. 77, Prerbyterian South Hampton, New York, Aug. 6, 1838.

Jesse Townsend, æt. 79, Congregational Palmyra, New York, Aug. 14.

Caleb Burge, æt. 56, Cong. Warsaw, New York, Aug. 31.

Allen C. Morgan, æt. 36, Episcopalian, New York, N. Y. Oct. 12.

William Gibson, æt. 38, Presbyterian, New York, N. Y. Oct. 15.

Robert Love, æt. 32, Presbyterian, Harmony, New Jersey, Oct. 9, 1838.

Ezra F. Dayton, Presbyterian, Sparta, New Jersey, Oct.

Thomas T. Robinson, æt. 46, Baptist, Montgomery, Pennsylvania, May 27, 1838.

John Taylor, Trinitarian, Chenago, Pa. Aug. 10.

Joshua Williams, D. D. æt. 71, Presbyterian, Westpensborough, Pa. Aug. 21.

George C. Potts, æt. 64, Presbyterian, Philadelphia, Pa. Sept. 23.

Daniel Duffrey, æt. 76, Methodist Episcopal, Crawford Co. Ga. July 26.

Lawrence B. Clinton, æt. 41, Presbyterian Burke Co, Ga. Sept. 26.

Charles Hardy, Methodist Episcopal, Tuscaloosa, Alabama, Sept. 21, 1838.

David Nicens, æt. 44, Baptist Colored, Cincinnati, Ohio, Sept. 14, 1838.

Gideon Blackburn, D. D. æt. 66, Presbyterian, Carlinville, Illinois, Aug. 23, 1838.

Summary.—*Ages.* From 30 to 40, 5; from 40 to 50, 4; from 50 to 60, 1; from 60 to 70, 4; from 70 to 80, 5; from 80 to 90, 1; Not specified, 3. Total 24; Average age 56 3-4.

*Denominations.*—Baptist 6; Congregational 6; Presbyterian 8; Episcopal 1; Methodist 2; Trinitarian 1; Total 24.

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## GENERAL ASSEMBLY'S BOARD OF EDUCATION.

Extracts from the Annual Report of the Board of Education of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America. Presented May, 1838.

*Candidates.*—The number of the candidates for the ministry under the care of the Board during the past year, and under the care of its auxiliaries as far as reported to us, are 526.

Of these are under private tuition and in academies, 136; In college, 268; In theological seminaries, 122; Total, 526.

These Institutions are located as follows:

In New England, 7; In New York, New Jersey and Pennslyvania, 34; Delaware and Maryland, 2; Southern Atlantic States, 32; Western States, 19; Total Institutions, 95.

Of the whole number of candidates now reported, fourteen have declined further aid; one has been transferred to the American Education Society; four have been placed on permanent scholarships at Princeton, New Jersey; three have ceased to prosecute their studies for the ministry, and thirty one are absent, teaching. The patronage of the Board has been withdrawn from six for conduct unbecoming candidates for the ministry; from five for refusing to sign the pledge which we require of candidates; from forty-four for not reporting for a year or more; and four have been removed by death.

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## OBITUARY.

### MISS MARTHA BAKER.

There is more than ordinary reason for a public tribute to the memory of this amiable and interesting young lady, who died recently at the residence of her mother in Roxbury, at the age of seventeen. For her's was a life of more than ordinary suffering, and her's also a character of unwonted sweetness and worth.

For seven years she was afflicted with a painful and wearisome malady, which cut her off from all the amusements, and many of the means of improvement, which to the young usually make up the chief joy of existence. But for all this, she was never heard to murmur. A patient smile always irradiated her pale countenance; and by night and day expressions of resignation fell from her lips gratefully upon the ears of her friends. She was entirely willing, nay happy to meet the hour of nature's dissolution; while she anxiously wished her faith and composure by the delightful hope of soon resting her weary soul in Heaven. The friends that she had loved, *she loved even unto the end*, and her last breath murmured forth their names with her dying blessing. If her life have taught them to imitate her virtues and to moderate desire, and her death opened upon them nearer and more realizing views of the world to come, then will her parting benediction be indeed fulfilled.

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## INTELLIGENCE.

*The Mormon War.*—The St Louis Republican of the 5th inst. gives, in a postcript the following letter, from Mr Ryland, the Register of the Land Office at Lexington, who is represented to be a gentleman of the first standing and respectability. The picture given of the excited state of feeling of these parties, and the excesses to which they are driven by it, is most deplorable.—*Dai. Adv.*

Richmond, Ray County Mo.
October 29, 1838.

To the Editors of the Mo. Republican:

Gentlemen—I write you from the town of Richmond, in Ray County, in order to give you some information relative to the unprecedent excitement now existing in the upper Missouri, against this most deluded, wretched and misguided people, the Mormons.

This band of fanatics, commenced on the 18th inst. to burn and ravage the plantations, houses, &c. of the people in Davies county. They have laid waste the whole county: burning store houses, farm houses, destroying the property of the citizens, driving off the hogs and cattle of the inhabitants of that county, taking the plunder to the Mormon hold, Far West, leaving the county of Davies one wide, extended ruin.—Today I saw and conversed with Major Morin, the Senator elect from Ray, Caldwell and Davies, and he informed me that the people of Davies were literally ruined. Bands of Mormons would go out, followby wagons, and would take live stock and property, sweeping every thing before them and haul the spoils into Far West. They (the Mormons) have burnt the town of Gallatin, the county seat of Davies. On last Wednesday night a body of some hundred and fifty or two hundred Mormons, attacked a small body of the militia of Ray county, some 15 miles north of Richmond, under Captain Bogard; some two or three of Bogard's men were killed and several wounded. Some four or five Mormons were killed and many wounded. The Ray men retreated. The alarm has spread through the whole upper counties and the militia has been called out forthwith.

Last night I was in the camp of the militia from Lalayette, Jackson and Ray. There was about the number of seven hundred men, and as the people were flocking in from all quarters, I suppose this morning the number exceeded eight hundred. Major Generals Atchison and Lucas, and Brigadier Generals Graham and Nelson were present. The encampment was about one and a half miles from Richmond, on the road leading to Far West.

This morning, at eight o'clock, the army moved off for that point, and will to night encamp in a short distance of Far West. Brig. Gen. Donephan, with some three hundred men, was to encamp last night near Bogard's battle ground. Col. Cornelius Gillman, with the forces from Clinton County, some three hundred strong, or may be more, was encamped near Far West say about eight miles off.

From the exasperated feelings manifested plainly by the forces last night, I apprehend the most serious consequences. Every body is excited, the public mind resolutely bent on putting it beyond the power of the Mormons again to disturb the peace of the citizens and more especially their plunderings and burnings. It was rumored that the Mormons were to burn Richmond on last Thursday night, and the women and children all fled across the river to Lexington. I saw on the bank of the river in the night, a large number of women and children, with no shelter or food, who had fled early on Thursday morning, to Lafayette County for safety. It was after sunset on Thursday before I heard of the alarm of the women of Ray, and I immediately hastened to Lexington, and then to the river, to offer shelter, protection and food to these suffering people. No man without seeing the objects, can probably estimate my feelings on that night.

You may expect to hear in three or four days more news of the most fatal character.

I am your most obedient servant,
JOHN S. RYLAND.

*Invasion of Upper Canada.* It appears that the province of Upper Canada has been invaded near Prescott by a band of *patriots*, so called. They had taken possession of a stone mill. On the 13th they were attacked by the British. The Sacket's Harbor Journal—an extra, of Nov. 11th, dated 11 o'clock A. M. says:

The steamboat Oneida, just arrived from Ogdensburgh, brings the following news.

A severe engagement took place at Prescott, yesterday morning, commencing at 8 o'clock, A. M., and lasting about 7 hours, between the Patriots and British forces. About 500 Patriots and 300 British Regulars, together with some Militia, were engaged. The British were twice repulsed by the Patriots, and finally left the field to wait for reinforcements, for which an express was sent to Kingston.

During the action the British put their dead and wounded in a barn, behind which they sheltered themselves, and the Patriots, to dislodge them set it on fire, when it was consumed, together with its contents; immediately after which, the British retreated to Prescott for the last time.

The steamboat United States, and two schooners were seized yesterday by the U. S. Marshal, under the Neutrality Law, and are now on their way to this port, under his charge.

Among the various rumors, the following is stated by the Albany Argus, as the more probable.

'There is an endorsement on one of the packages by the Western mail of this morning, stating that the patriot detachment at Windmill Point had to a man been captured or cut to pieces by the royalists.'

There are rumors that a rising has taken place in the neighborhood of Gananoque, but all these reports must be taken with many grains of allowance.

*Switzerland.*—At the sitting of the Swiss Diet on the 10th inst., the President caused to be read the following letter, addressed by Count Mole to the Duke de Montebello on the 12th, and which the Ambassador had communicated to him the evening before:—

'Count Reinhard has delivered to me, with your despatch of October the 6th, the answer of the Federal Directory to your official note of August 1. The King's Government has never required Switzerland to expel one of her own citizens. France has as great a respect as any other nation for the independence and dignity of her neighbors, but, at the same time, is resolved to maintain her own honor and repose. We cannot believe that the Confederation will any longer allow one who, by his strange pretensions upon France, has sufficiently proved he is not a child of Switzerland, to abuse her generous hospitality. It is with unfeigned satisfaction that the King's Government has learned the declaration of the Diet—that it is as desirous as the French Government can be that complications of the nature of those which have taken place should not recur. Switzerland must surely feel, without being reminded, of what France owes to herself, if ever by any possibility, similar conjunctures can be produced. With regard to the demonstrations which the Diet calls hostile, and which have excited in it a painful surprise, the King's Government has never for a moment lost the hope that these measures, suggested by prudence, would never assume any other character. To comprehend these measures, and the feelings with which they were dictated, the Diet should call to mind the attitude which it had itself assumed, and the refusal with which the debates of the Grand Council threatened France. Circumstances, however M. le Duc, are now altered. Louis Napoleon quits Switzerland. Nothing therefore remains, but for you to announce to the Vorort, that the corps of observation formed on our eastern frontier is about to be dissolved. It was not without emotion that the King and his Government read the words which terminate the answer of the Diet. France is still ready, at the very epoch in her history, to testify to Switzerland that she is her most faithful ally, her sincerest friend, and the invariable defender of her independence. On her part Switzerland will no doubt carefully watch, that no cause of misunderstanding or discontent shall arise hereafter to disturb the good harmony and friendship which have so long subsisted between two countries, and which they are both so greatly interested in perpetuating. Have the goodness, M. le Duc, to read this despatch to the President of the Directory, and to leave him a copy of it. 'MOLE.'

After the communication of this letter, it was unanimously voted by the Diet—1st. That the troops then under arms should be dismissed. 2. That this dismissal should take place as soon as possible. 3. That the Council of War charged with the execution of this measure should communicate to the commanders of the troops the satisfaction of the Diet at the patriotism and discipline shown by the army. 4. That thanks should be addressed to the cantons which had taken the necessary military measures.

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## PUBLISHER'S NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscribers for the Christian Register who are indebted for the paper for one year or more, are *earnestly* requested to forward us money. A great amount has accumulated in the hands of subscribers—more particularly out of the city. It is *pressingly* wanted at this time, and immediate attention to the subject will be very gratefully acknowledged by the publisher.

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## AMERICAN COLONIZATION SOCIETY.

☞ The Friends of this Institution and the citizens of Boston generally are respectfully invited to attend a meeting in its behalf at the Odeon on Monday evening next (the 26th) at 7 o'clock. The Rev. R. R. Gurley, Secretary of the Society is expected to address the meeting.

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## CHARDON ST. LECTURES.

The Second Lecture of the Course, will be delivered by Edmund Quincy Esq. on Wednesday, 28th inst. at 7 o'clock.

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## MARRIAGES.

In this city, Mr Charles Churchill to Miss Sarah Nichols; Mr Alfred M. Blunt, of Portsmouth, to Miss Ploomy Colby.

By Rev. Mr Gray, Mr Benjamin H. Furbish to Miss Polly Waldraf.

In this city, Mr Nathan Barrett to Miss Harriot Ware.

In Brookline, by Rev Dr Pierce, Rev. Jaazaniah Crosby, of Charlestown, N.H. to Miss Elizabeth Allen.

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## DEATHS.

In this city, Miss Mary Wentworth, 70, eldest daughter of the late George Wentworth Esq. of Portsmouth, N. H.

In South Boston, on Monday, very suddenly, Mr. Betsey B. wife of Mr Wm. A. Aiken, 36; Mrs Mary Cruse, 73.

In Watertown, 20th inst. Mrs Abigail, widow of the late Rev. Dr Allyn, of Duxbury, 75.

In Brookfield, Mass on the 30th ult. Mrs Mary Turner, 92, mother of the Rev. Edward Turner.

Lost overboard, from brig Pioneer, entering the River of Plate, Mr Edward D. P. Rea, second officer, son of Archelaus Rea, Esq. of Salem.

In Rockville, Illinois, on the 20th Oct. Mrs. Ann Wilson, and on the 23d, Mr Harvey Wilson, late of Boston.

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ANNUALS for 1839.—Finden's Tableaux of the Affections, 12 plates, imperial 4to, morocco.
Buds and Blossoms, by Heath, 10 plates, royal 4to, watered silk
Beauty's costume, 12 plates, rich watered silk
Fisher's Drawing Scrap Book, by L.E.L., 36 plates, royal 4to
The Oriental Annual, 18 plates, 8vo, morocco, elegant
Friendship's Annual and Winter's Wreath, 10 plates 12mo, morocco, elegant
Forget Me Not, by Shoberll, 11 plates, 12mo, morocco, elegant
The Waverley Keepsake, 60 plates, 4to, arabesque
Italy, France and Switzerland, by Harding and Prout, 43 fine plates
Fisher's Juvenile Scrap Book, 8vo, 36 plts, morocco
The Byron Gallery, 8vo, 36 plates, morocco
The Keepsake, a splendidly illustrated volume, silk
Jennings's Landscape Annual, with beautiful plates, bound in morocco
The Token, edited by S. G. Goodrich, bound in rich cloth, with fine plates
The Gift, edited by Miss Leslie—the most elegant annual of the year
The Violet, edited by Miss Leslie—a very beautiful Juvenile annual
The Christian Keepsake, with many rich plates
The Religious Souvenir, edited by Mrs Sigourney
The Juvenile Keepsake, &c &c
Just received by H. P. NICHOLS & Co.
n24 147 Washington street.

SCHOOL LECTURES. The sixth lecture in the course, will be delivered, at the Hall opposite the Savings Bank, in Tremont Street, on Wednesday Dec. 5, at 3 o'clock,—by Dr M. S. Perry. Subject, 'Physical Education.'

Teachers, parents, and the public generally, are respectfully invited to attend throughout the course.

G. F. Thayer—*for the Committee.*

Nov. 24.

ENGLISH BOOKS.—Just received by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington street,
Shakespeare's Plays, with Life by Harness
The Book of Gems, 2 vols 8vo
Sonnets by Edward Moxon
Heath's Shakspeare Gallery
Campbell's Philosophy of Rhetoric
Poole's Testimony of St Cyprian against Rome
England under Seven Administrations—by A. Fonblanque
Bible Narrative, arranged in the words of the authorized version, &c
Roscoe's Life of Lorenzo de Medici, with a memoir of the author
Gray's Bard Illustrated
Glossary of Architecture, 400 cuts
Smith's Wealth of Nations, with a Life by Gardiner
Dumesnil's Latin Synonymes, translated
Saunders's Portraits and Memoirs of the Reformers
Leightons Works, by Aikman, 1 vol
Kants Critic of Pure Reason
Memorials of Myles Coverdale
Hancock on Common Roads and Steam Carriages
Lambs Prose Works—do Poetical Works—do Letters
Mirabeau's Letters on England
Mrs Jamiesons Romance of Biography
Dictionary of Painters, Sculptors, Engravers &c
Gibbons Miscellaneous Works, by Lord Sheffield
Clarks Elements of Drawing and Painting in Water Colors
Mitfords History of Greece, continued to the death of Alexander the Great, by R. A. Davenport
Grier's Mechanics Pocket Dictionary
Southeys Essays, 2 vols
Stanley Tales
Spiritual Honey from Natural Hives
Solomon and Shulamite, by Krummacher
Jacob Wrestling with the Angel, do
The Peerage of England, exhibiting the present state of each Peer, by N. H. Nicholas, FRS
Aikin's Letters from a Father to his Son
Jamiesons Mechanics of Fluids
The Book of Thoughts &c &c n24

NOTICE.

THE second quarter of Mr and Mrs B. KENT'S Day and Boarding School for Young Ladies, will commence on the 3d of December—Monday after Thanksgiving.

Terms, for Board or Tuition, made known on application to them at their residence in Roxbury, corner of Zeigler and Warren streets, or to Rev. E. S. Gannett, or Mr G. F. Thayer, Teacher, in Boston.
n24 5tispd

MR G. H. PIERCE has opened an Academy in Somerset Street, in the second building on the left from Beacon Street, to instruct in the common and higher branches, and to prepare Young Gentlemen and Lads for College or Mercantile pursuits.

Parents are invited to call at the rooms. Reference to Gentlemen of the first respectability.
nov 17 istf

*BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES IN CAMBRIDGE.*

Refer to Sidney Willard, A. B. Mussey, J. T. Buckingham, J. Livermore, R. M. Hodges, Charles Everett, A. Rice, Trustees of the School.

The Academical Year commences the second Monday of September, and consists of four quarters, of eleven weeks each, unless the annual Thanksgiving divide the first and second quarters unequally.

The first three Vacations are one week each; the fourth, five weeks.

Board &c. for a year, $150 } Always
" one quarter, Winter or Spring, 50 } in
Summer or Fall, 45 } advnce.

Tuition in the Primary, Middle and Classical department, $6, $12, and $15 a quarter; or $20, $45 and $55 a year, in advance.

Music, with use of Piano, $20 a quarter.

Painting in Water Colors, $6 a quarter.

Drawing taught to all the School without additional charge.

Any one branch other than Music, $10 a quarter.

Expense of Fuel arranged amongst the pupils.

Teacher of Music, Charles Zeuner, President of the Handel Haydn Society, Boston.

Teacher of Modern Languages, L. de Mariotti, University, Parma.

Teacher of Drawing, Painting, and Assistant Principal, Mrs. Mack.

Competent Young Ladies assist in various branches, one of whom, at least resides in the family of the Principal.

D. Mack, *Principal.*
*Cambridge, Nov. 10th,* 1838. nov 24

PARLEY'S GIFT. Peter Parley's Gift for 1838-9. Just received by JAMES MUNRRE & CO. 134 Washington street. nov 24

THE ACCOMPLISHED LADY; Or Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education, with a view of the Principles and Conduct Prevalent among Women of Rank and Fortune. By Hannah More, published and for sale by JAMES LORING, 132 Washington st.

Nearly twenty thousand copies of the above work have been sold in England, and probably half that number in America.—Bishop Porteus had such an admiration of this treatise, that he formally recommended it in his charge to the clergy in the following language. 'It presents to the reader such a fund of good sense, of wholesome counsel, of sagacious observation, of a knowledge of the world and of the female heart, of high-toned morality, and genuine Christian piety, and all this enlivened with such brilliancy of wit, such richness of imagery, such variety and felicity of allusion, such neatness and elegance of diction, as are not, I conceive, easily to be found combined and blended together in any other work in the English language. nov 24

RELIGIOUS SOUVENIR, for 1839—edited by Mrs Sigourney.

For sale to the trade, and at retail, by
n24 WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.

COOK BOOKS.—The Cooks own Book and housekeepers Register, comprising all valuable Receipts for cooking meat, fish, and fowl, and composing every kind of soup, gravy, &c.

Seventyfive Receipts for pastry, cakes, and sweetmeats, by Miss Leslie. 10th edition.

Directions for Cookery—being a system of the art, in its various branches, by Miss Leslie.

American Frugal Housewife, dedicated to those who are not ashamed of economy, by Mrs Child.—21st edition.

For sale by WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.,
n24 121 Washington street.

MIRIAM, 2d edition, by the author of Joanna of Naples. Published and for sale by
H. P. NICHOLS & CO.
n17 tf 147 Washington street.

SCHOOL BOOK AND STATIONARY STORE.—S. G. SIMPKINS, 79 Court, corner of Brattle street, Boston, keeps constantly for sale a general assortment of School and Juvenile Books, Stationery, and Account Books.

Also,—Ladies' and Gentlemen's Pocket Books, Wallets, Portfolios, Tooth Brushes, Rodgers's Penknives, &c. &c. n17

CHURCH LAMPS.

BRONZED CHANDELIERS, with from 3 to 12 lights. Pulpit Lamps of a variety of patterns. Also a general assortment of Astral, Mantel and Reading Lamps. For sale by
HARRIS & STANWOOD, 29 Tremont Row.
nov. 3. is8w

PURE SPERM OIL.

E. T. HASTINGS, 101 State street, has constantly for sale Winter, Fall, and Spring strained Sperm Oil, of first quality, for family use. Oil cannisters of various sizes.

Oil sent to any part of the city, free of expense.
jan 13 istf

OPTICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL INSTRUMENTS.

D. B. WIDDIEFIELD & CO. No. 139, Washington street, nearly opposite the Old South Church, would inform the public, that they have received for sale all the valuable Instruments and Philosophical Apparatus of the late Rev. Dr Prince of Salem, among which are Telescopes, Solar and Compound Microscopes, valuable Pneumatic Apparatus, Magic Lanterns, Magic Lantern Slides (some that are very superior,) a Reflecting Circle, by 'Cary, London,' and other instruments, among which are some not to be found any where else in the country.
2m oct 27

## POETRY.

(From the Knickerbocker.)

### IMMORTALITY.

Oh, I shall live forever! I read it in the sky,
Yes, I shall live forever! I shall not wholly die:
I see my home in heaven, I see it in yon cloud,
The stars reveal my destiny, in accents clear and loud!

Whene'er sweet music cheers me, of instrument or bird,
I feel my immortality, as if the gift I heard
Proclaimed by angel's trumpet, or written on a scroll
I saw my glorious destiny—what happiness, my soul!

When the new spring is decking the woods, the hills, and fields,
Where late the dreary winter had set his icy seals,
A new assurance fills my heart; in ecstacy I cry,
'Oh no, I know I cannot, I cannot wholly die!'

The gaily-painted butterfly, emerging on the wing,
Seems token from kind Providence, that I again shall spring
From out my earthly covering, and rise to upper sky;
Then, too, I think I cannot, I cannot wholly die!

'T is night on earth, but heaven looks clearer than by day;
'T is when the world is shaded, we see the distant ray:
Our mortal passions oft conceal the higher aim of man,
As the sun forbids us longer the higher stars to scan.

'T is mostly by the star-light this ecstacy I find;
Then thoughts of immortality come fittest to the mind:
The earth seems sleeping quietly, and other world arise,
And do their message to the soul—the soul that never dies!

J. N. E.

### THE DROWNED BOY.

No more his footsteps' echoes fall,
Where he was wont to tread;
And memory can alone recall
The loved, the early dead.

The voice that swell'd at even-time,
Upon his mother's ear;
The silvery, softened music chime,
His father loved to hear:

The tones that drew his brother's feet
To many a scene of play;
The sounds his sisters used to greet
Through the long summer day:

Where, where are they?—not in his home,
Nor in his haunts of mirth;
That voice's music may not come
Again to glad the earth.

The golden bowl is broken now,
And loosed the silver cord;
And the young soul hath gone to bow
In worship to its Lord.

But yet how oft, at hush of night,
Shall memory love to trace,
Again unto the yearning sight,
That dear, departed face.

How oft, in far off echoes sweet,
Shall fancy list to hear,
The bouyant bounding of those feet,
That filled with joy the ear.

How oft that little form shall rise
Brought by its parent's prayer
That's hovering o'er them in the skies,
To lead them gently there.

There is a balm for those who weep,
Before the chastening rod:
He is not dead—but gone to sleep—
An angel, with his God.

C. H. WATERMAN.

(From the Christian Mirror.)

### THE GOSPEL PREACHED TO ALL NATIONS

*In the wilderness shall waters break outand streams in the desert. The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.—Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree.*—ISAIAH.

What saw the prophet? In the desert land
Fountains up-gushing from the burning sand?—
Bright rivers rolling on their crystal tide,
And beauteous verdure springing at their side?

Saw he the fir-tree in perennial green
Where late alone the creeping briar was seen?
Myrtles, with blossoms sprinkled on the spray
—As snow-flakes midst their deep-hued foliage lay,—
And roses throwing 'attar' to the morn
Where shot its points the rude unsightly thorn?

Oh, *that* were beautiful—yet scenes more bright,—
More beauteous visions cheer'd the prophet's sight:
To souls—to fainting souls the bliss was given
To drink at streams whose fountains gush'd in Heaven;
Mind—mind immortal,—that full long had lain
Barren of beauty as Sahara's plain,
Glow'd like the rose beneath the dews of even,
And breathed sweet praise, like incense, back to Heav'n.

Years have roll'd by,—must we that picture deem
The splendid frost-work of a poets' dream?
Shall half the world—shall many an Eden-clime
Be moral deserts till the end of time?
Shall bend its boughs the glorious banyan tree
A sacred haunt for idol gods to be,
And roses' richest breath commingled rise
With vapors rank from Suttees' sacrifice?

The Heavens forbid!—though ages have roll'd by,
Since gazed the prophet with enchanted eye
On Earth redeem'd;—though ages still may roll
E'er truth shall meet earth's last benighted soul,
That day shall rise—celestial Beauty glow
O'er all the earth and Man his Maker know.

ELIZA.

### FAITH IN PERIL.

This outward life with all its busy forms,
Whirling like flakes of snow in Alpine storms,
Confuses, chills, and in a shifting grave
Entombs the spirit that the Eternal gave.
Yet look through these to Him, undaunted strive,
Through drift and darkness, saving faith alive,
And He will be beside thee still, uphold,
Enlighten, cheer, with Love and Hope make bold,
And in worst hours of fear, before His eye
The mountain ice and gulfs of snow shall fly;
Thou on His rock shalt stand secure, and raise
Thy wings towards Heaven, and hear its song of praise.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### HOW TO GROW RICH.

*An anecdote founded on fact.*

A physician of the British metropolis, accidentally calling on a brother of the profession, in the course of conversation asked him the following question: 'How is it, ——— the world says you accumulate and grow rich; what is your secret, for with all possible management, and a practice, as you know, on our occasionally comparing notes, fully equal to yours, I find that I can do little more than make my receipt adequate to my outgoing?' 'Step into the entrance-hall with me, and I will explain this matter,' was the answer. They adjourned to that place where ——— showed his friend the whole of his secret; it was his hat, cane, and gloves, lying on a table opposite the street-door. 'I understand you,' said the medical friend, laughed, and wished him good morning. Some of my readers may probably wish for an explanation: the moment a rat-tat was heard, the first object which presented itself, on opening the door, was ———, with his hat thrown carelessly on, his cane under his arm, and drawing on his gloves: 'We are come to dine, and take a bottle of port with you,' was sometimes the salutation. 'Nothing could be more unlucky,' replied the wary economist; 'I have not yet seen half my patients, and am this moment sent for to a consultation on *a bad liver case*, which will require considerable time and attention; it is, I assure you, a great disappointment, but business *must* be minded; and I hope to have the pleasure of your company another day.' With these words, he moved forwards, and wished them a good morning: a repetition of almost the same story, to every visiter *at that hour*, soon cleared his house of dinner company; he accumulated a handsome fortune, collected pictures, purchased scarce books, and at the moment I write, is erecting a villa.

[From Mr Buckingham's Lectures on Egypt, as reported for the New York Observer.]

### STATUE OF MEMNON.

The last subject that remains to be described is the statue of Memnon; famous, as we have said, for uttering certain musical sounds at the rising of the sun. This peculiarity of the statue might be set down as a fable, did it rest solely on Egyptian authority; but poets, historians, orators and scholars, both Greek and Roman, concur in gravely stating it as a fact, known to some of them as eye-witnesses, and repeated by others with every air of truth. Even Juvenal, no believer in superstitious fables, bears the same testimony, as does Strabo, whose name is recorded on the base of the statue as one of those who had himself heard the sound. There are perhaps not less than two hundred such names, with the declaration written over, 'I heard Memnon.' One of these testimonies is inscribed on the pedestal in a Greek epigramatic verse. The writer seems to have been the commander of a Roman cohort on its way to Siene. His name was Felix. It declares that he came there with his wife Agrippina and his daughter Festina, to hear Memnon; that when the rays of the sun first struck the lips of the statue, the whole company stood in breathless expectation, and all agreed as to the fact of its uttering a sound, though they did not agree precisely as to what that sound resembled. The officer himself thought it was as if metal had fallen upon stone; his wife said it seemed to her like the sound of a lute; while their daughter insisted that it was like the snapping of the string of a lyre. The difference is not material, and rather goes to confirm the fact that they all did hear a musical or metallic sound of some sort.

That the whole matter was a contrivance of the priests, there can be no reasonable doubt; for ever since they and their superstition were put down by the progress of Christianity in the third and fourth centuries, the statue has remained obstinately silent. There have been various speculations as to the cause of so singular a phenomenon. Humboldt and Herschel were of opinion that there was some aperture in the stone, near the lips of the figure, from which, when the cold air which had entered in the night was driven by the caloric freely and rapidly absorbed by the Sienite, its escape caused the sounds which produced so much astonishment among the ignorant multitude. In confirmation of which theory Humboldt found, in Africa, a certain kind of stones which were called 'musical.' But there is one fatal objection to this theory. If the sound was thus caused by a natural effect of the sun's rays, it would still continue; whereas for centuries it has been unknown. The latest and most probable solution is that given by Mr Wilkinson, who resided many years in Thebes. This gentleman, resolving to investigate for himself, climbed up into the lap of the statue, (which is in a sitting posture,) and thence could perceive a metallic plate inserted into the breast; and he supposed that an Egyptian priest concealed himself under the arm, and while the eyes of the spectators were eagerly intent upon the lips of the figure, struck the plate with a metal rod. This agrees very well with the nature of the sound described. To judge the better of the effect, he placed some Arabs below, while he struck the iron plate with a staff, and then asked them if they heard any sound? They answered 'Yes; you were striking brass.'

But it may be asked how the body of a man could have been concealed beneath the arm of the statue? That question would show that the inquirer did not take into his mind a just conception of the dimensions of the statue. I will mention one fact respecting it, which may tend to correct this error. The old Latin proverb, '*Ex pede Herculem*,' from the size of his foot you may tell the statue of Hercules,' will exactly apply here. I stood on the pedestal, on the same plane with the bottom of the foot of Memnon, and found myself unable to see over the instep; and I am 5 feet 11 inches in height; so that my eye must be about 5 feet 7 from the ground. The rest of the figure is in due proportion to these dimensions of the foot. When I was in New York and had given some statements as to the size of this and other Egyptian monuments, a gentleman said to me, 'I admire the accuracy of your accounts, but wonder at their boldness.' The insinuation was very intelligible, and I have no doubt that I am often set down by some of those who hear me as an adept at drawing the long bow. But in regard to the size of this foot, I was glad to have the concurrence of four other gentlemen who accompanied me. We agreed to range ourselves on the toes, and we stood each man on a separate toe nail. There was ample room; and this may show what the size of the foot and consequently the size of the figure must be. The knee is higher from the ground than the front of the gallery of this church; and the whole statue can be distinctly seen at the distance of a mile and a half. It appears to be about 80 feet in height; but as the figure is in a sitting posture, its height, were it erect, may safely be estimated at 120 feet. There is a statue of Osymandyas, which Cambyses broke and threw down, and which now lies prostrate. In its arm there is a fracture, and the two parts lie far enough apart to admit of one's squeezing between them. I did so, and took that opportunity of measuring the height, and found the diameter of the arm to be about 9 feet, that is, twice the thickness of one of the columns of your Capitol. The width of the shoulders is 32 feet. The statue of Memnon was originally of one single stone of rose colored granite, and was removed into one of the public squares of the city of Thebes; an astonishing example of the power of the ancient Egyptians in moving heavy masses of stone, in which they surpassed all other nations of the world. The head was broken off, and lay on the ground; but Belzoni succeeded in removing and transporting it to England, and it is now in the British Museum.

Such are the three existing remains of the far famed city of Thebes; and certainly, if the other buildings and monuments of the city corresponded in any degree with these, you will readily confess that it was deserving of the names of HECATOMPYLOS and DIOSPOLIS; that it was not unworthy of being named even in the inspired strains of a divine prophet; and that, in size and grandeur, it was probably unequalled by any other city in the world.

SUDDEN DESTRUCTION.—In that part of the country of the Grisons, which adjoins to the state of Venice, formerly stood the ancient town of Pleuers, built on a rising ground near the foot of a mountain. The situation was considered healthy; the gardens were delightful: and hither the neighboring gentry used to come on the Sabbath, and spend the day in all manner of riot and debauchery.—The voluptuousness was great, and the enormity of their crimes was aggravated by their abuse of the blessings of Divine Providence. A lady told Bishop Burnet, that she had heard her mother often repeat some passages of a Protestant minister's sermons, who preached in a little church in the neighborhood of the place. He intimated in his discourses, that nothing but a timely repentance, and the forsaking of their evil ways, would screen them from divine justice, which would soon be executed upon them in a most signal manner. This was good advice, but alas! it was slighted, and the people continued to go on in the same manner as before. On the 25th of August, 1618, an inhabitant came, and told them to be gone, for he saw the mountain cleaving, and that it would soon fall upon them; but he was only laughed at. He had a daughter, whom he persuaded to leave all, and go along with him; but when she had got out of the town, she recollected that she had not locked the door of a room in which she had left several things of value; she accordingly went back; but in the mean time the mountain fell, and she was buried in the ruins, together with every person there present; not one escaping. The fall of the mountain choking up the river that ran near the bottom, first spread the alarm over the neighboring country. 'I could hear no particular character,' says Bishop Burnet, 'of the man who escaped, so I must leave the secret reason of so singular preservation to the great discovery at the last day, when those steps of Divine Providence, which we cannot now account for, will be disclosed.'

FOR THE IDLER.—Every one that has read the Heart of MidLothian, will remember the following sentence: 'Jock, when ye hae nothing else to do, ye may be aye sticking in a tree; it will be growing, Jock, when ye're sleeping.' Sir Walter Scott says somewhere that these simple words induced an Earl to plant a large tract of country, which, in such a place as England, would in a few years be of immense value. We can only repeat the advice given to Jock—let every one who has nothing else to do, be sticking in a tree, that posterity may reap the benefit of it.

*Fossil Animalculæ.*—Prof. Hitchcock, of Amherst College, says, in a note to the Editor of the Hampshire Gazette:

'Some of your readers may be gratified if I mention a discovery of some scientific interest which I have made within a few days past. They have all doubtless heard of those minute living beings discovered by the microscope in stagnant water, &c. and called 'animalculæ'—millions of which may live in a single drop. But until very recently, who would have supposed it possible that the skeletons of these animals would be found preserved in the soils and the rocks! Yet there is a white and light substance very common in Massachusetts, beneath the mud in swamps, which I find to be full of these fossil skeletons! And it is curious that if care be taken in placing the substance beneath the microscope, these skeletons will generally be found to be entire, although so thin that the light passes through them so as to render them almost invisible. The only species I have yet noticed has the shape of the common angle worm or earth worm, and it would take hundreds of thousands of them, probably millions, to make up a cubic inch. Yet the deposite that contains them is probably two thirds composed of their remains, and in many places it forms a stratum several feet thick, covering many acres, and may be found, I doubt not, in every town in the State. I happen to have specimens only from Andover, Bridgewater, Barre and Pelham, all of which contain the relics.

'In Europe it has recently been found that several rocks of considerable thickness, (among which are flint and opal,) are made up chiefly of animalculæ. Indeed the famous Prussian naturalist, Ehrenberg, has determined twenty-eight fossil species, nine of which are extinct, and the others correspond to the living species. Of those in the Polishing Slate, (a variety of rotten stone,) Ehrenberg says: 'About 23,000,000 of these creatures would make up a cubic line, and in a cubic inch there would be 41,000 millions, weighing 220 grains; the silicious shield of each animalcula weighs about the 187 millionth part of a grain. The fossil animalcula of the iron ochre is only the 21st part of the thickness of a human hair; and one cubic inch of this ochre must contain *one billion* of the skeletons of living beings!'

*Mission to Syria and the Holy Land.*—The Rev. G. B. Whiting and lady, of the Mission of Jerusalem, arrived at this port from the Mediterranean in the bark John A. Robb, on the 12th inst. They visit their native country, with the advice of the mission, and of the Prudential Committee, and also with the advice of medical men in the Levant, chiefly on account of the long continued ill health of Mrs Whiting. They hope to return to Palestine as soon as the state of her health will permit.

By this arrival we have intelligence from Beyroot to the 3d of September, at which time the mission families in Syria were in usual health. Mrs Pease, of the mission in Cyprus, was not well. The insurrection of the Druzes in the district of the Ledjah, near Damascus, had been quelled by Ibrahim Pacha with difficulty, and the country was again quiet There had been some recent difficulties, of a threatening character, between the Egyptian and Constantinople governments; but it was not expected that there would actually be a rupture at present.—[New York Journal of Commerce.]

*For the Geologists.*—It is said that no traces of human existence are to be found of a date anterior to that of the last formation of limestone. At Greenleaf's Point, in this city, and near the house formerly occupied by Commodore Rogers, is a fragment of *gneiss*—one of the *primitive* rocks, and the next oldest to *granite*—on the upright face of which are the impressions of an entire human foot and of the heel of another. It was found on the shore of the Potomac, at the water's edge, and removed, at the expense of the Commodore, to the place where it now is. The formation, for miles around, is *alluvial*.

These impressions bear a close resemblance to the drawings of those, in Schoolcraft's Travels, which he saw at Harmony, on what he terms a 'tabular mass of *limestone*,' brought from Missouri.—*National Intelligencer.*

*Mustachios.*—It is questioned by some whether a large and unseemly tuft of hair on the upper lip, usually called mustachios, or a long beard beneath the chin, add any thing in the eyes of peaceable American citizens to the manliness of a man's appearance, or endow him with a greater amount of physical courage than he would possess were his upper lip and the lower part of his chin submitted to the tonsorial operation, and kept in a decent and becoming state. The Russian boors wear both mustachios and beards, and often of a size, which would excite envy in the bosom of many a young and gallant naval officer—but we do not learn that they are particularly distinguished for their good breeding and accomplishments, or for a daring and chivalrous spirit.—*Merc. Jour.*

*Singular Instance of Preservation.*—On Wednesday, the 18th September, as the workman were sinking the new pit at Newton, belonging to Messrs Fernandes and Co., a tremendous stream of water from some old works burst in upon them, and soon filled the shaft to the depth of 10 yards. All hands fortunately escaped with the exception of one individual named John Ramsden, a man with a wife and two children. This poor man was left in the pit and given up for lost; his life, however, was miraculously preserved. Finding escape at the shaft impossible, he made his way to a rather elevated part of the pit, but not sufficiently raised to keep off the water; his life was dependent upon the agency of the surrounding air, which had been forced to the point which he had chosen as a place of refuge by the sudden rushing of the immense stream. At this point the condensed air, being unable to expand itself, offered an effectual resistance to the further progress of the flood, and afforded a safe but uncomfortable asylum to the incarcerated man. In this situation he remained from Wednesday morning, 10 o'clock, until past two on Saturday, rather more than 68 hours. From the time the accident happened every exertion was made to clear the pit, and two gins, worked by horses, were brought into operation in addition to the engine, but not in expectation of saving Ramsden's life. On Saturday morning, on letting down a man into the shaft, it was found that the pit was nearly filled with the black damp, and so certainly was his death calculated on, that orders were given for his coffin, in order that he might be placed in it as soon as he was brought out. Ramsden, however, acted with caution. Aware of the danger from foul air, he had kept himself awake the whole of the time, and never ventured from his retreat until he had ascertained that the danger was over, by hearing approaching footsteps. We understand his first exclamations were 'God be thanked,' 'God bless you.' We had almost forgot to state that several dinners and a few bottles of ale were left in the place where Ramsden had retreated which he happily got hold of. We understand that he is now fast recovering from the illness and depression which his sudden and deplorable captivity had occasioned.—Wakefield (Eng.) Journal.

*Cause of the Indian Summer.*—What occasions that return of soft, mild, and summer-like weather, about the end of September and the beginning of October, to which we give the name of Indian Summer, has been often made a question. An article on the subject, in the Democratic Review, furnishes the explanation:

It is well known that water, when passing into the form of ice, gives out a large quantity of its latent heat In the high northern latitudes visited by Parry and Ross, it appears that the winter commences in the beginning of September, and that throughout the whole of that month, the congelation proceeds with great activity. It is reasonable to suppose therefore, from the immense amount of ice formed during that period, that the quantity of heat thrown into the atmosphere during the month of September, must be sufficient to exert a very powerful and perceptible effect upon the temperature of the air in countries lying south of the Arctic circle, especially as the northerly winds prevail at that season.

[From the St. Louis Bulletin.]

### A HIGHLY INTERESTING DISCOVERY.

It has generally been admitted, (but not proved) by antiquarians, and others, who have examined the subject, that the Mammoth species became extinct, at a time when the world generally was inhabited by a people, of which the present human family have no knowledge, or that it inhabited places then inaccessible to man, and became extinct from some unknown cause, or was destroyed at the general deluge.

The Indians have had a few dark traditions of a large animal, which has been supposed to relate to the Mammoth, but more generally have been considered fabulous.

It is with the greatest pleasure, the writer of this article can state, from personal knowledge, that one of the largest of these animals, has actually been stoned and burned by Indians, as appears from implements found among the ashes, cinders, and half burned wood and bones of the animal. The circumstances are as follows:

A farmer in Gasconade county wished to improve his spring, and in doing so, discovered, about five feet beneath the surface, a part of the back and hip bone. Of this I was informed, by Mr Wash, and not doubting the whole, or nearly the whole skeleton might be found, I went there, and found it as had been stated, also a knife made of stone. I immediately commenced opening a much larger space; the first layer of earth was a vegetable mould, then a blue clay, then sand and blue clay. I found a larger quantity of pieces of rocks, weighing from two to twenty five pounds each, evidently thrown there with the intention of hitting some object. It is necessary to remark, that not the least sign of rocks or gravel is to be found nearer than from four to five hundred yards, and that these pieces were broken from larger rocks, and consequently carried here for some express purpose. After passing through these rocks, I came to a layer of vegetable mould; on the surface of this was found the first blue bone, with the spear, and axe, the spear corresponds precisely with our common Indian spear, the axe is different from any I have seen. Also on this earth was ashes nearly from 6 inches to one foot in depth, intermixed with burned wood, and burned bones, broken spears, axes, knives, &c. The fire appeared to have been the largest on the head and neck of the animal, as the ashes and coals were much deeper here than in the rest of the body; the skull was quite perfect, but so much burned, that it crumbled to dust on the least touch: two feet from this, was found two teeth broken off from the jaw, but mashed entirely to pieces. By putting them together, showed the animal to have been much larger than any heretofore discovered. It appeared by the situation of the skeleton, that the animal had been sunk with its hind feet in the mud and water, and unable to extricate itself, had fallen on its right side, and in that situation was found, and killed as above described, consequently the hind and fore foot on the right side, were sunk deeper in the mud, and thereby saved from the effects of the fire; therefore I was able to preserve the whole of the hind foot to the very last joint, and the fore foot all but some few small bones that were too much decayed to be worth saving. Also between the rocks that had sunk through the ashes, was found large pieces of skin, that appeared like white leather, strongly impregnated with the lye from the ashes, and a great many of the sinues and arteries were plain to be seen on the earth and rocks, but in such a state as not to be moved, excepting one small piece, the size of a hand, which is now preserved in spirits.

Should any doubts arise in the mind of the reader of the correctness of the above statement, he can be referred to more than twenty witnesses, who were present at the time of digging.


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